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THE GREAT NORTHWEST



AND OTHER PARTS

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE GREAT
CO-PARTNERSHIP
AND OTHER PAPERS.

BY OBED.

Handwritten: 1000

SECOND EDITION.

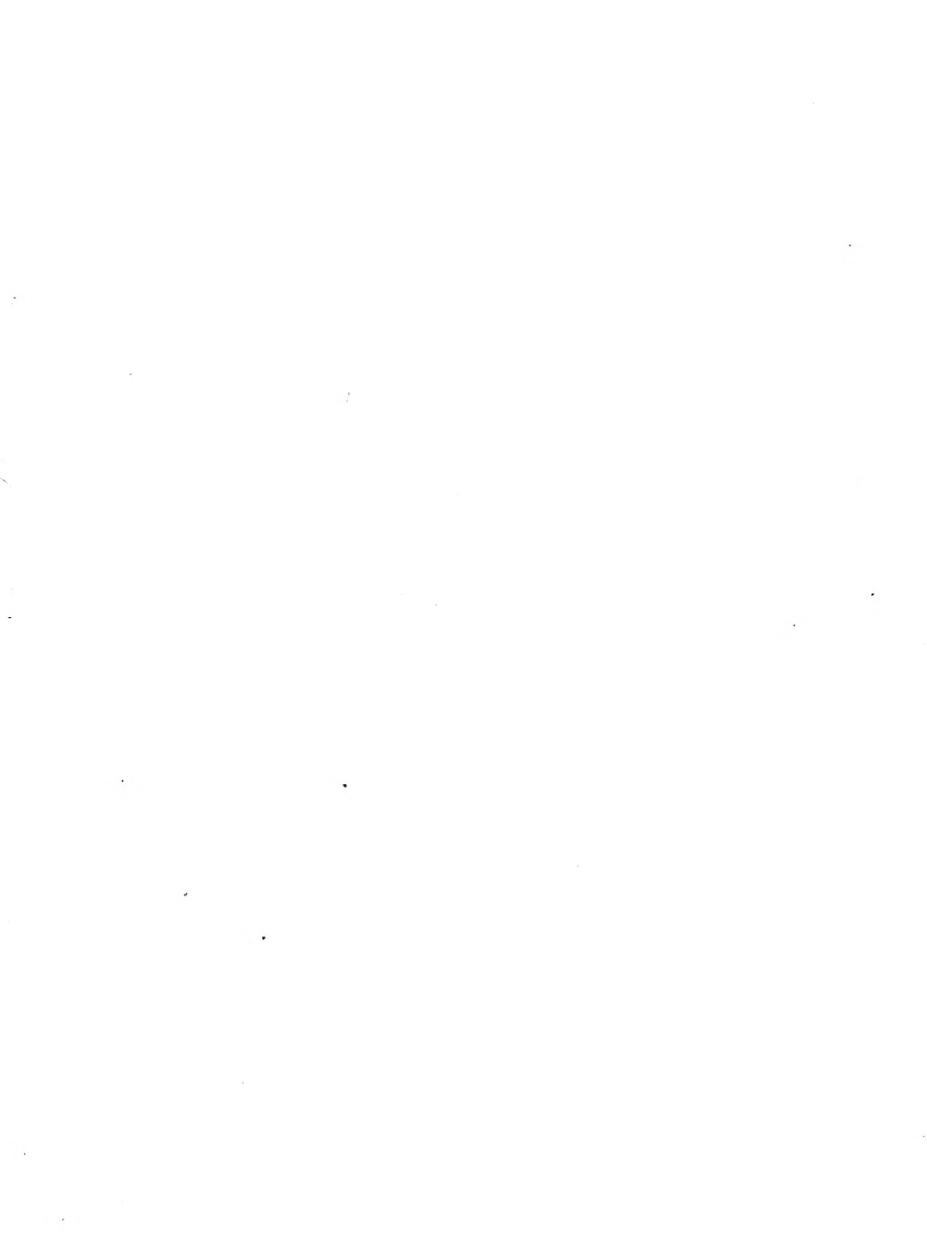
*"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."—Hon. David Crockett.
When sure you're wrong, then change your course.*

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1879.

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1879.





*Yours Truly,
Obed.*

PREFACE.

Surrounded by his three friends, Job sat in the ashes and exclaimed, "My desire is, that my adversary had written a book." Just what prompted the good man of Uz to advance such an idea, may, after the lapse of so many ages, be a question more easily asked than answered. Perhaps he felt confident that nothing evil could be said of him, for he proposed to bear the volume upon his shoulders; or, perhaps he wished to subject his adversary to the ordeal of a critic's review, as the most excruciating torture to which he could be subjected.

If the former was the cause, he would not have expressed the wish had he lived in this day of returning boards, cipher dispatches, and congressional investigations, for before proceeding with his task that enemy would have had a committee appointed with power to summon witnesses, and Job would have been implicated in inciting the Sabceans to the destruction of his property, and in raising the wind that demolished the building in which his sons and daughters were having their gay frolic, that the courts might not be troubled with any contested will cases, while Satan would have "walked to and fro in the earth," without suspicion. If the latter, Job was a heartless man, which the record will not for a moment justify us in believing.

•

Obed is of the opinion that just at this juncture his humor got the better of his pain and the arguments of his friends, and that he was imagining how one of Mrs. Job's curtain lectures would look on parchment, for from all that we can learn of that estimable lady she was an *a-la-Caudle*, and probably the proverbial patience of Job was largely owing to the self restraint he had learned to practice through a long series of domestic unpleasantnesses, in many of which he no doubt acknowledged himself, as every considerate man does, largely to blame.

Be these opinions right or wrong, Obed has not written a book because he is an adversary of anyone, and as to the critics, why, every man should thrive by his profession. The private, as well as the more public, lectures of Mrs. Obed, have been very salutary to him; and in very gladness he has learned to love the comicalities, as well as the stern duties of life. Some of these he has endeavored to portray in these papers, hoping thereby to waken pleasant memories in the hearts of the old; to incite the young to a study of usages fast passing away, and to give them a faint conception of what awaits them in the pathway of life. Such is the desire of

OBED.

“KNOW ALL MEN,”

That to Mrs. Obed, her Friend, and all others who have, or who have not, entered into the labyrinth of the Great Co-partnership, or who endured the dust, the fatigues, the crowds and the sweats, incident to a

CENTENNIAL EXCURSION,

or who appreciate the foibles and fun, as well as the more sensible realities of life, Obed, with a deep fellow feeling, dedicates these papers. Thus Obed dedicates them.

N. B.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.—Ps. 126: 5.

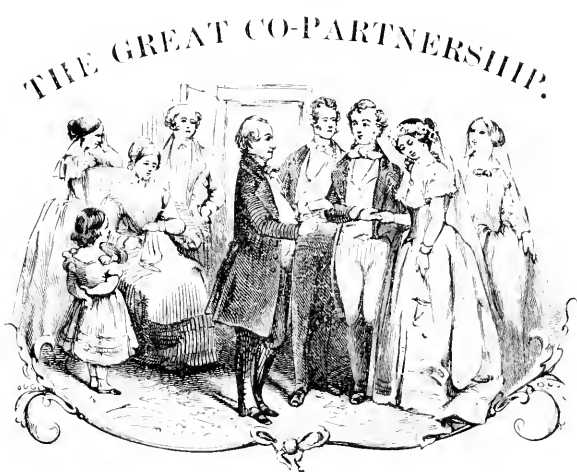
Few of these enjoy the seed-time, whilst most are dissatisfied with the harvest yield.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.—Prov. 15: 1.

Solomon does not mean sentimentally *soft*. When Mrs. Solomon said to him, “My deah, get up and build the fiah,” the words were grievous.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.—Pro. 13: 17.

Most people prefer their herbs seasoned with some of the ox, though they do have to mingle a little of the last named ingredient.



“Do you believe that matches are made in heaven?” said Mrs. Obed blandly to her husband as she came in from the Woman’s Monthly Missionary meeting.

“Do I believe what?” asked Obed, looking up from some experiments with which he was busily engaged.

“That matches are made in heaven?”

“Well, the only match I have any personal recollection of was made in front of an old-fash-

ioned fire-place whilst the head of the family and his better-half were lustily snoring behind the curtains in the opposite end of the room, and the younger members, save one, were fast asleep in the loft," replied Obed. "But now that you speak of it, I look back through a long succession of *breezes* and do remember it as a heavenly sort of place."



Exterior of that "Heavenly Place."

"Pshaw! if you go to talking in that kind of style you'll look at it—"

"Through a regular thunder storm. Well, let it come: I've somewhere read, 'There is no flood in woman's passion but hath an ebb.'"

"Now, Obed, I'd like to know what satisfaction there is in that quotation?"

“O! none to you, I presume. But tell me what match-making has to do with foreign missions? That’s what I’d like to know.”

“Well, a good deal. Mrs. H—— brought in an Indiana paper this afternoon and read an account of a single court in that State granting twenty-four divorces in one day.”

“Were they granted to men or women?”

“To men, *every one of them*.”

“And so your society is going to take an appeal?”

“Take a what?”

“Why, carry the matter up to the court where you think those matches were made.”

“No sir, we shall do no such thing, but we shall——”

“Divert your funds from Hindoostan, and apply them to the conversion of those Hoosier courts.”

There was a sudden closing of his office door, and Obed was once more alone. The chemical combinations he was investigating were all gone up in gas, and an entirely new train of thought had taken possession of his mind. He remembered that Adam began business alone. This, as is gathered from the narrative, soon becoming irksome to him he took in a partner who came highly recommended

This junior member of the firm seems to have been of a very communicative as well as venturesome turn of mind, and before the senior had time to give her full instructions, was readily induced by the first *drummer* of whom we have any account, to divulge the full extent of the business, and add to the stock an interdicted article. The result was a sudden reduction to bankruptcy, and the issuing by the Supreme Court of the Universe of a peremptory writ of ejectment from the premises heretofore occupied.

These were facts that Obed had early learned without being able fully to comprehend their import; but he understands them now, for he no longer thinks as a child. Many a time, in his imagination, has he looked in on that stranded firm in their new abode, that first night when brambles and briars began to grow up about them, and listened to the dulcet tones of Mrs. Adam as she gave vent to the first curtain lecture of earth. Stricken as he was at the dire calamity which had befallen him and his, how it must have grated upon the ear of Adam to hear himself called a "pimp," "a coward," and "an ungrateful wretch," by the very being whom he had so recently considered his chief joy. But then the "old Adam" was there, and in

her brief catchings for breath, there fell upon the delicate ear of the first woman those ungallant expressions, “a tongue hung in the middle,” “if it hadn’t been for you,” “you did it.” ’Twas only the beginning of a literature which has defied all etymological changes coming down to us in its original spirit, through all the mutations of language.

“But then,” said Obed, half apologetically, “that primitive couple had no time to study each other through a pleasing courtship, and no wonder they started off a little wrong. Get the devil out of the way, and give a little time for studying character, then we shall find how smoothly things will work.”

Thus saying, his imagination floated down the stream of time and he beheld a hale old couple who had been companions for a hundred years, first as brother and sister, but mostly as husband and wife. In the joy and child-like gladness of their hearts, they were indulging in a great feast in honor of “A Gay Young Tramp” who had come unexpectedly into their nomadic home; but because the good old lady saw Ishmael cutting some antics behind a tent pole, whilst probably wishing himself the son of his aunt, that he, too, might have a birth-

day party, she made things terribly blue; and the old patriarch, who had stood "unawed before Kings," was glad to purchase becoming quiet by sending Hagar away with a loaf of bread, a bottle of water, the patriarchal blessing, and, perhaps, a kiss of remembrance, if he only got a chance to administer it.

There was a woman in the upsetting of Abraham's domestic happiness, and, considering the events of the day, it was with ill grace that he could say to the young wives about him,

"Let not your angry passions rise."

In the experience of Solomon, Obed found little to brighten the picture. With three hundred wives to comb his head, the great King found married life very unsatisfactory, and in his vexation of spirit, he wrote many proverbs not at all flattering to the gentler sex. It was fashion, lust, and extravagance, not wisdom, that took all the bliss out of the wise man's domestic *circle*.

"But what is the use of going so far back," reasoned Obed. "The world but little cares about the happiness or misery of departed prophet, priest or patriarch. "They twain shall be one flesh," is still the doctrine, except, perhaps, among *Free-lovers*, and still the matrimonial skies are clouded. The devil,

alcohol, a man or a woman, pride, vanity, petulance or some other distracting factor, is continually worming itself into the earthly paradise,(?) bringing in its train, if not the evils of the first fall, a multitude of others, well calculated to destroy domestic happiness.

The springs of wooing gush, and murmur, and boil in youthful sunlight, throwing their spray bright as ever, and gallant youths and blushing maidens come and sip, thinking they are partaking of the "Elixir of Life;" but

"Their *shallow* draughts intoxicate the brain,"

and they plunge into the connubial waters without any calculation as to their depth, or even having first ascertained that they are brackish and bitter, information which any maiden aunt would have imparted to them gratuitously. Then, after a very brief honeymoon, when tribulations arise, they begin

"To fret, and worry, and torment each other"

in processes only to cease when the grim gentleman who rides the pale horse enters with a subpoena for one of them, unless, perchance, he has been anticipated by an appeal to an Indiana or Chicago Judge."

Thus generalizing, Obed turned to a memorandum in which for thirty years he has kept a care-

ful record of many of the cases of domestic im-
plicity which, both at home and abroad, have come
under his personal observation, and read :

“ Boarding at Williams’ this week. Loose
board partition between ‘family’ and ‘spare bed.’
Last night heard a gruff voice say, ‘take your cold
hocks away from my legs.’

A gentle voice replied, ‘you didn’t use to call
them so.’

‘Well, now, whine, wont you? Did you sup-
pose I was always going to be a fool and say ‘foot-
sies-tootsies?’

‘Hush, hush,’ said the same gentle voice, ‘the
master will hear you.’

‘What do you suppose I care for the master; I
want to sleep, so keep your feet away.’

Long after Williams was snoring, subdued
sighs told of a mental agony in the breast of the
wife, struggling to control itself.

“Last week,” said Obed to himself, “I called
upon that couple.

“Out of the old home, they’ve moved up into
the new,” but are prematurely old, wrinkled, and
gray. The hard lines upon Williams’ face speak as
plainly as ever, “What do you suppose I care?”

whilst the saddened brow and wan cheeks of his companion proclaim thirty years of domestic subjugation and servitude.

The little ones whom I taught in the district school are grown and gone, having no pleasant memories of home except those that cluster around a tender mother's care."

A few pages farther on Obed read, "I met my old chum John this morning. The poor fellow is in hot water. He's been married five weeks. Three days ago his wife said to him, 'My dear, will you take me home to-day?' John replied that his employer's arrangements made it impossible for him to leave.

'John, you must take me,' was the rejoinder.

'But I tell you Mr. B. cannot possibly spare me to day,' persisted John.

'Well, sir, Mr. B., or no Mr. B., I shall go home.'

'Well, then, go; but you'll go on foot and alone. I shall attend to business.'

This was the first pass. In five minutes the young wife was in spasms, whilst John stood over her shocked at what had happened, and the, to him, inexplicable results. Three days of hysterics and

forty-eight hours of mother-in-law, have cut more wisdom teeth for him than he supposed he had. Alas, poor John !”

A subsequent note showed that after fifteen years of very spasmodic life, there came a decree of divorce which left but a single chance for second marriage, and John declared that he would never avail himself of that, but he broke his vow inside of twelve months. As he read, Obed exclaimed, “Such is life.”

Again, “The price of farm products has fallen off one-third whilst the advancing age and development of Mr. K.’s daughters have advanced their wants fully fifty per cent., two facts not at all in unison with his financial tastes.

Yesterday, as he was about starting for town, Mrs. K. said, ‘Father the girls need some things: Mary wants a pair of kid shoes; Susie must have cloth gaiters and a pair of rubbers; Lucy requires some slippers and a poplin dress; Louise, some handkerchiefs and a pair of gloves; Nettie, a parasol and Kit, some yarn for tidies; then they will all have to have some underclothing, summer hats, and ——’

‘What in thunder won’t they have to have?’

‘Mr. K.,’ said the wife in a very decided voice.

‘Well, madam, what is it?’

‘I have told you these things are needed’

‘Yes, I never go to town lately, but the girls need half a dry goods store, and a small millinery shop.’

‘Well, sir, if you didn’t expect to get things for your girls, you shouldn’t have had so many, that’s all I’ve got to say.’

‘Well, if it is, I’m glad, for you never know when to stop.’

‘You old fool, you’re too mean to be the husband of a decent woman, and too stingy to——.’

* * * * *

Now Mr. and Mrs. K. are really good people to everybody outside of themselves, but full of tinder. When everything is balmy, they can say ‘Father,’ ‘Mother,’ on ‘low do’ so sweetly; but let the least thing go awry and they will run through the domestic gamut to ‘You old fool,’ in the eighth octave, with surprising rapidity. Thus it always has been with them; thus it always will be, for neither will learn the maxim, ‘Know thyself.’

“Mrs. Tate is a very pious woman and a good singer, excellencies which do not always go together. Her husband is a very honest, good sort of a fellow,

seldom saying anything either at home or abroad. Though not religiously inclined, he always accompanies her to church, where she never forgets to make mention of him in her devotions.

In the prayer meeting last night, the unction of the spirit rested upon her with peculiar power. She was unusually gifted in prayer, and sang

“ Shall we know each other there ?”

as we had never known her to sing it before ; many were melted to tears.

On the way home, being a short distance ahead of me, with a quiescal tremor in his voice, Tate asked, ‘Wouldn’t it be nice, Mary, if there were a hymn

“ Shall we know each other *here* ?”

‘It might suit you, sir.’

‘Yes, I think I should often enjoy it far more than the *songs* I am daily called upon to hear, and particularly the one of this morning.’

‘Well, sir, I shall *sing* you a sharper song than that before you are much older, if you do not attend to your own business and mind what I say.’

‘No doubt of that, *my dear* ; but then wouldn’t it be better if you would learn to spread your religion out evenly, rather than keep it bottled for public display ?’

‘My religion is my own.’

‘Yes, so I’ve thought for a long time.’

‘Now, sir, its time for you to——’

I had reached my gate. The tribulations of poor Tate under a species of petty aggravations at home, cloaked under a great show of religious zeal abroad, have long been known to me. He bears up under it manfully, but if ever a change of heart comes to him, it will be when Mrs. T. has experienced a new birth.”

‘I’d like to know what you’re going to do with that horse, Mr. Hayes,’ said his wife this morning, as he came leading a fine five-year old toward the street.

‘I’m going to get him shod,’ replied Hayes.

‘We’ll see about that.’

‘I’ve seen about it already; I guess I’m competent to see to the horse shoeing. You’d better go into the house and ’tend to your own affairs.’

‘I think I’ll ’tend to them right here. That horse is not going to be *shod*. You needn’t think you’ll slip him over to Jones’, as you promised yesterday.’

‘As I promised yesterday?’

‘Yes, sir, as you promised yesterday. You can’t lie to me. Ben told me all about it.’

‘I’ll thrash Ben.’

‘You’d better try it, and I’ll smash your head. I’ll let you know who owns this property, and who’ll thrash the children!’

‘You’ve let me know a good many times already. I wish I had never seen you nor the property either.’

‘So do I. And now, sir, do you put that horse in the pasture where you found him.’

There was no alternative, and he obeyed.

Three years ago an unsophisticated bachelor, Hayes married Mrs. Snodgrass, and with the widow, took as encumbrances four children and a well stocked farm. The widow alone would have been a match for him; with the encumbrances she is far more. Almost every day he is reminded that her money bought such and such property, and he is not slow to let her know that it also bought him. Alas, they are both badly sold.”

A letter carefully pinned to one of the leaves and furnishing its own comment, read as follows:

“—————, May 10th, 1877.

‘My Dear Friend :

‘Again I appeal to you for advice : matters are not improving with us. Henry is becoming more and more abandoned and dissolute. Last evening, for the first time, he subjected me to personal violence. ’Tis the old story. He has used up his means, and squandered his wages, until privation and hunger are the portion of myself and the children.

‘Last night when he came home the children were crying for supper, whilst I had nothing to give them. He had been drinking, and was unusually cross. He began to upbraid me because the children were not quiet and in bed. I may have done wrong, God forgive me if I did, but I told him it was for bread they were crying, and had he but acted a father’s part he would not be thus annoyed. I will not recount the words that followed. Suffice it to say he dealt me a severe blow across the face, which felled me to the floor. When I had recovered myself he was gone. Fearing further violence, I sought shelter for myself and children with a neighbor.

‘As I write under another’s roof, I think of the many happy girlhood days I spent beneath yours,

and recall the ever kind advice and counsel of your wife and yourself. Then little did I think it would ever come to this ; and yet I know my cup is not full. When you told me of Henry's proclivities I could not believe it, but I may not shrink from the terrible realization of it now.

'Tell me, dear friend, shall I still cling to the man of my choice—the man against whom friends and parents protested, or shall I be justifiable in fleeing from certain destitution and perhaps from still fiercer outburst, of passion and violence ?

Yours, in affliction,

NELL.'"

Thus page after page, covered with bickerings, heart-burnings, angry altercations, and cruel blows was turned, until, heart-sick, Obed closed the book. As he did so the words of the good parson who metamorphosed him from the *one* of *two* to the *half* of *one* came across his mind. He was a bland old gentleman, then living with his fifth wife. Taking his young friend one side when the ceremony was over, says he, "Obed, my boy, you've a great deal to learn about this matter of married life, and the principal thing is this,—'Learn to keep your teeth tight shut when there are indications of

a breeze,' for such occasions will come." Observation had already given Obed an inkling of this matter, and experience has convinced him that Socrates, under the severest goadings of Xantippe, never uttered a truth, if followed, more conducive to human happiness than that of his reverend friend.

Then said Obed to himself, "This matter of matrimony is indeed a great Co-partnership, conceived in the councils of heaven and instituted on earth in the very morning of the race, and multiplied until the copies have become innumerable. The oldest institution of earth, it is practically the least understood. Designed and calculated to serve the purest purposes of life, and to secure the greatest possible amount of happiness, it is prostituted to the basest purposes, and in numberless instances becomes a pandemonium to those who enter its sacred pale.

In entering upon other partnerships, which, at most, are expected to continue but a few years, frequently but as many months, and involving little that cannot be solved by mathematical calculations, men hedge themselves about with strongly written contracts in which are specified the minutest particulars to be fulfilled, and these papers

duly witnessed, are frequently referred to, in order that no misunderstanding may arise; but into the great co-partnership of marriage which it is hoped will continue for at least fifty years and then lap over onto the 'evergreen shore;' a co-partnership which is to give birth and training to rosy checked candidates for future firms; to bring its members daily and hourly into the closest possible intimacy where the veriest weaknesses will be revealed: to foster and develop those truths and principles which are the foundation stones of social and civil institutions; co-partnerships in which better than anywhere else the essential doctrines of moral and religious truth can be developed and strengthened; in which the parties contracting should remember they will grow old, wrinkled, decrepit and personally less attractive, and which should be broken up only by the hand of death—into such a co-partnership as this myriads of men and women are constantly entering, seemingly without any thought as to what the responsibilities and self-denials of the future are to be.

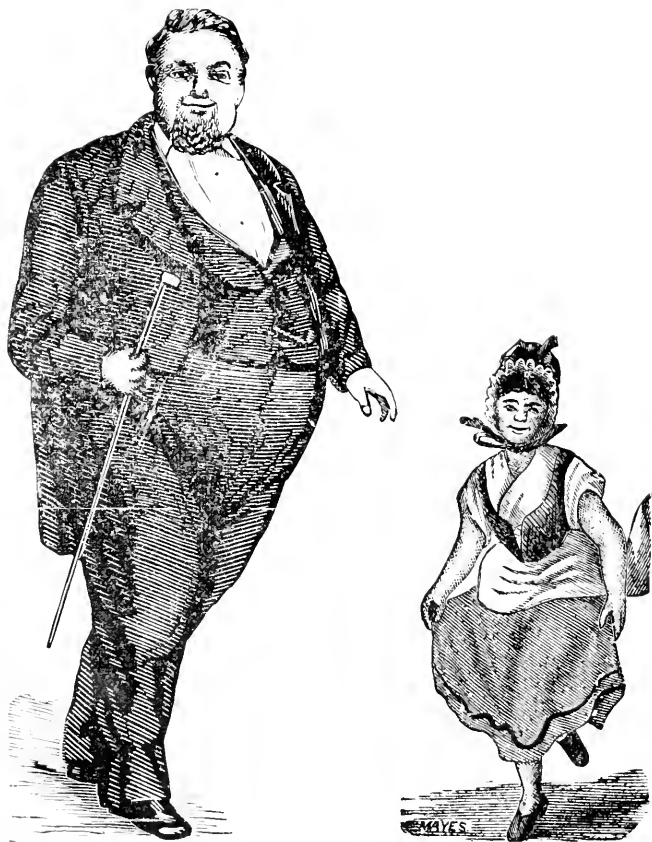
Most marriage contracts if, exhibited to the eye, would present a strange medley of sheeps-eyes, 'My dears,' 'I'll tell mas,' and cool, mossy seats, withered flowers, swinging gates, midnight views

of the moon, peanut shucks, candy mottoes, carefully kept billet doux, small talks about the last concert, the masquerade, and the new novel, gifts of woolen scarfs and plated rings, the merest sprinkling of real business, fantastically arranged about



“Did you ever? Well, hardly ever.”

an ‘Exquisite Alexander Adolphus’ and his ‘adorable Maria Louise Deborah Ann,’ engaged in a tete-a-tete as central figures.



John Templeton was a man of weight and dignity:
Hannah, his wife, was airy as the wind.

An inspection of the co-partners would never lead to the conclusion that the apostolic doctrine, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together,' had ever been promulgated. Here is a gay rollicking husband, with a wife sedate and circumspect: there one with stern business airs and economical ideas, with a helpmate of butterfly proclivities, who has never yet learned the number of cents it takes to make a dollar. Husbands rough, uncouth, and profane, with wives cultivated, refined, and zealous in all matters of religion, growing up into 'Mothers in Israel;' husbands who are pillars in the church, having wives who are very termigants; husbands by the score, built for nothing else than to hold down boxes and benches about places of public resort, with wives at home taking in washing and sewing to support their families; husbands of taste and high aspirations, with wives slatternly and unambitious; husbands brutish and sensual, with wives who vainly long for a higher existence, into whose hearts often come those saddest of all sad words,

'It might have been ;'

husbands of three score years, with wives of 'sweet sixteen;' men not old enough to go on the bachelor list who have broken into the homes of widows of



Sixty and sixteen during the Honey Moon.

forty ; men of weight and dignity with wives light and trifling.

But all pairs are not thus incongruously mated. As there is more of sunshine than shadow in the natural world, so there are more bright happy



Twenty nine and forty after the Honey Moon.

homes than the contrary. God has not forsaken his original design, and though marriage is treated too much as a great lottery, the prizes drawn are far more numerous than the blanks, and although there is so much of uncongeniality, there is far more

of fitness, and with the culture and growing amenities of modern civilization, domestic happiness is greatly on the increase, and partnerships that began in weakness are being built up in the strength of growing conjugal affection.

Looking back on the old homestead when all were there,

‘Father, mother,
Brother, sister,
All who hold each other dear,’

many a young father and mother remember that clouds did sometimes come over that old-time sky, and sharp words pass between the now ‘departed,’ yet there was so much of home-born, heart-felt joy, that they learned to sing,

‘Home, sweet home,
There is no place like home,’

and the lessons of ‘bear and forbear’ come vividly back through the vista of years to guide them as voyagers over an old sea — old, yet ever new and untried.

Little by little the world is gathering up, and, let croakers say what they will, *home* shall yet fill the original design, becoming the fittest earthly type of heaven, where the graces and endearments of life are assiduously studied.

Of all that has ever been said or written on the vexed question of matrimonial relations, nothing is better than the advice of a shrewd old bachelor who, after abundant opportunity for observing among his own people and particularly in foreign lands, wrote to some friends of his who appear to have been peculiarly mixed up on the subject, ‘Husbands, love your wives; wives, reverence your husbands.’ There’s the key note of happiness to both parties, for if there is anything in the world, after a new hat with a five dollar feather, a nice dress in the latest style, and an undisturbed opportunity to lead the conversation, that will please a woman more than another, it is the assiduous attention of her husband, saying to all observers that in his estimation at least, she is a ‘Pearl among rubies;’ and as for the other side of the house, provisions made for his cigars, a good dinner, and an undisputed right to stay out at night as late as he chooses, there is nothing so gratifying to his manly pride as to know that his wife regards him as a kind of demi-god, and that the proudest term in her vocabulary is ‘*My husband.*’ There is no selfishness in him in this matter. No, no. It is purely the working of the apostolic sentiment in his manly nature; that is all.

Yet when all this *lore* and *reverence* are brought into practice, human nature will sometimes out, and we must remember

‘Each other’s ills to bear.’

As ‘eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,’ so self-denial and forbearance are the cost of ‘wedded love,’ and he who expects a smooth domestic sea must be sure there is no vestige of a *beam* of strife in his own eye, for if there is, he will find any amount of *sand* in the orb of his companion.”

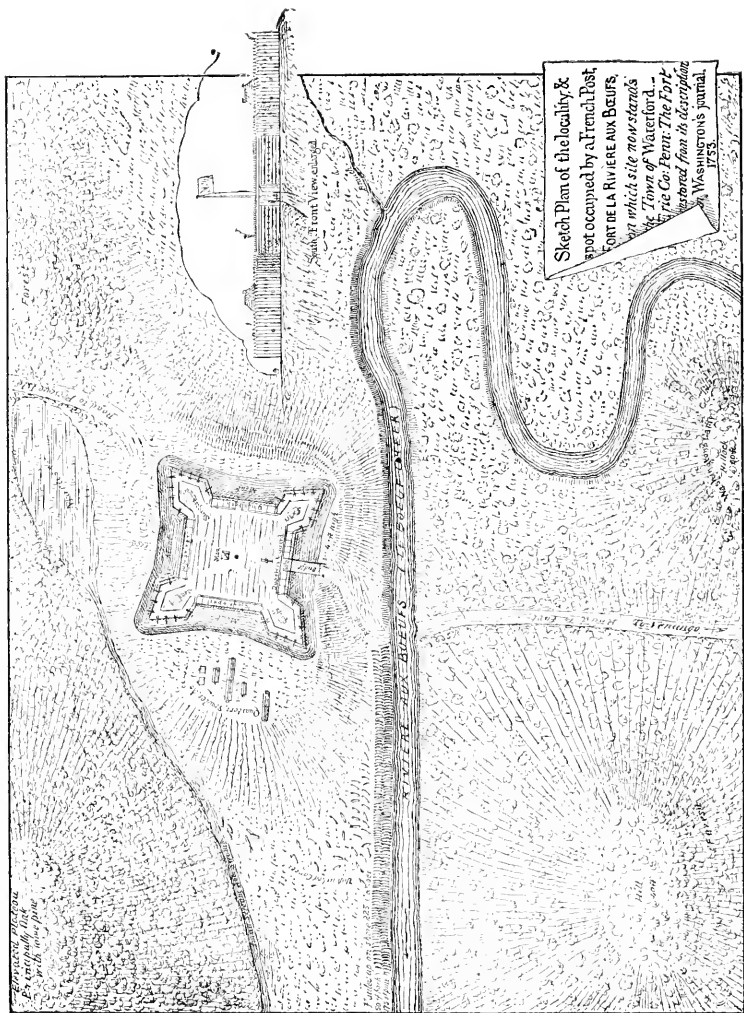
Thus musing Obed opened the door. There sat Mrs. O. over a young Obed’s unmentionables,

“Stitch, stitch, stitch,”

as a woman always must. There was no more flash in her eye, but a shade of sadness rested on her brow. As she looked up, Obed said, “Well, I’ve thought that question all over, and I find that the first match was of divine origin, and I think it probable they are still made in heaven; but in transplanting, the earthly soil is so uncongenial; so little care is taken in fostering the tender rootlets, and in after-pruning, that the ‘matrimony-vine’ grows thorns, becomes knotty, and brings comparatively little fruit to perfection, and divorces are resorted to as an end of trouble.”

There was a smile on the cheek of the wife, a tear glistened in her eye, and, —— well, no matter; youthful usages will sometimes repent themselves in maturer years—she said, “When you vex me I sometimes wish I never had had you, but if I hadn’t, I know I should always have wished I had.” This Obed believes to be the embodiment of a universal sentiment among women, relative to their husbands.

There were no more bantering words in the home of Obed that evening, but all was peaceful and serene.



OBED VISITS WATERFORD.

“There’s to be a grand gathering of my braves and bravesses at Waterford for inspection and drill ; come over and help us.” Thus wrote the Grand Sachem of the Pedagogues of Erie county to Obed, and that individual responded, “I go, sir,” and at the time appointed he went.

He had heard much of the classic beauty of the place, and hence was not slow in gathering up his satchel and umbrella when the brakeman sang out “Wa ter-ford !” Once upon the platform, his bright visions were mercilessly dispelled, for there Obed stood in the midst of a little clump of buildings “stuck in the mud,” and his heart was fast sinking within him when from the midst of a lux-

uriant growth of red whiskers there came floating in silvery tones, "Only ten cents to go up town in this 'ere conveyance." Placing two bright nickels in the warm hand of the fiery headed Jehu, Obed mounted to a pleasant seat in what was evidently a pic-nic vehicle, and with him a jovial, partially bald, very talkative gentleman, running over full of *health* suggestions. Jehu mounted the box, drew his reins, gave his crackerless whip an old fashioned stage-coach flourish, and was off in advance of the regular buss.

"Stop at a hotel gentlemen?" said Jehu, as his team went splashing through the mud.

"Don't wish to stop here," said Obed.

"Good hotels?" said the gentleman with the shiny crown.

"The *Eagle* is a grand house," replied Jehu.

"Take us to the Eagle then," responded the man of health, I always prefer Eagle to Crow. Get good bread, good butter, good water and good air, driver?"

"All good, sir," came down from the box.

"What's remarkable about this town?" said Obed.

"What's remarkable? why, George Washington."

“ Well, what of him ? ”

“ Why, he came here and put up for several days.”

“ At the Eagle ? ”

“ To be sure.”

“ Do any of your people remember him ? ”

“ The landlord remembers him well ; whoa ! ”

Obed and his new-made friend alighted and hastened to the capacious bar-room, where a great wood fire, resting upon old-fashioned andirons, roared up the chimney just as Obed had seen fires in his boyhood. Behind the bar stood a fine looking old gentleman whose whitened locks bespoke the *Days Lang Syne*. He was evidently one of the *first* inhabitants.

“ So you’r the landlord,” said Obed.

“ So they say.”

“ And you remember George Washington ? ”

“ None better.”

“ And he put up at the Eagle when he was out for Mr. Dinwiddie ? ”

“ He stopped here.”

“ Well, landlord, give us the room that George occupied, will you ? ”

“ Here, Joe, take these gentlemen to No. 24,” and Obed and his friend were soon enjoying them-

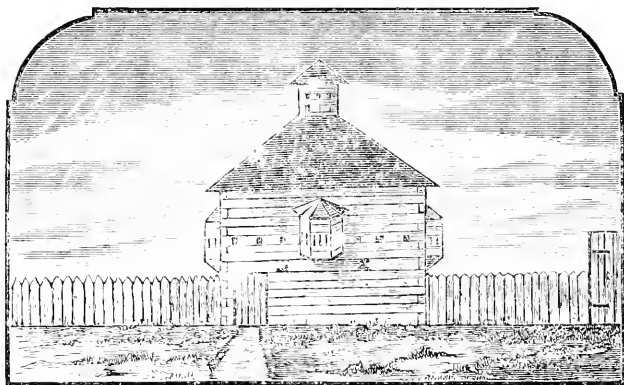
selves in the occupancy of the strong hold designated.

The Grand Sachem greeted Obed with much cordiality, and they went in and out together before the great assembly, enjoying, in the meantime, the hospitalities of the Eagle. The council was a pleasant one to look upon. There were fine looking young men, and pleasant young maidens, and maidens not so young, and Obed said to himself, "These are the teachers of the county. Into their hands are committed great destinies, and it is well they are thus gathered together for instruction and improvement."

There was one thing however, that struck Obed as peculiar—the great excess in number of ladies. "Little," said Obed, "did the great *Horace* think when he said, 'Go West, young man,' that he was doing so much towards hastening that Scripture period when 'Seven women shall lay hold on one man,' but if it must come in my day, let me fall into the hands of the allotted number of Erie county school marms." Thus Obed said.

Being something of a newspaper man, Obed went up to the *Astonisher* office, but as Mrs. Astonisher was out, and the little Astonishers were nowhere to be seen, he was forced to leave with his

curiosity unsatisfied. This to Obed was a great affliction.



Fort LeBoeuf as rebuilt, 1796; burned, March 21st, 1863.

There are places of historic interest which Obed must needs visit, so on a pleasant afternoon he sallied out and wandered around the site of the old Fort. Here was the cellar with its walls in a good state of preservation. In it the French stored their ammunition as well as other necessities. From this ran the subterranean passage down to the spring by the creek's side from which they procured their water. Little else remains of Fort

LeBœuf in which St. Pierre courteously received the youthful Washington and gave his decided refusal to relinquish the Ohio country, and from whose enclosure started the expedition which demolished the English fortifications at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela, and on its site erected Fort du Quesne. Satisfied with his survey of the Fort, Obed walked down to the point whence the fleet of birch canoes put off on this expedition down the Allegheny. Thence he wandered over to the hill where the future father of his country made his rude camp, and wrote a part of that journal whose occasion introduced him and Waterford to immortality, and which needs no excuse for being inserted here.

“December 7th. At twelve o'clock we set out (from Venango) for the Fort, (LeBoeuf) but were prevented arriving there until the 11th, by excessive rains, snows and bad traveling through many mires and swamps, these we were obliged to pass to avoid crossing, which was impossible, either by fording or rafting, the water was so high and rapid.

“We passed over much good land since we left Venango, and through several very extensive and rich meadows, one of which, I believe, was nearly

four miles in length and considerably wide in some places.

“December 12th. I prepared early to wait upon the commander, and was received and conducted to him by the second officer in command. I acquainted him with my business and offered my commission and letter, both of which he requested me to keep until the arrival of Monsieur Reparte, captain at the next fort, who was sent for and expected every hour.

“The commander is a knight of the military order of St. Louis, and named Legardeur de St. Pierre. He is an elderly gentleman, and has much the air of a soldier. He was sent over to take the command immediately upon the death of the late General, and arrived here about seven days before me.

“At two o'clock the gentleman who was sent for arrived, when I offered the letter &c., again, which they received, and adjourned into a private apartment for the captain to translate, who understood a little English. After he had done it, the commander desired I would walk in and bring my interpreter to peruse and correct it, which I did.

“December 13th. The chief officers retired to hold a council of war, which gave me an oppor-

tunity of taking the dimensions of the fort, and making what observations I could.

“It is situated on the south or west fork of French creek, near the water, and is almost surrounded by the creek, and a small branch of it, which forms a kind of island. Four houses composed the sides. The bastions are made of piles driven into the ground, standing more than twelve feet above it, and sharp at the top, with port holes cut for cannon, and loop holes for the small arms to fire through. There are eight six-pound pieces mounted in each bastion, and one piece of four pounds before the gate. In the bastions are a guard-house, chapel, doctor’s lodging, and the commander’s private store, round which are laid platforms for the cannon and men to stand on. There are several barracks without the fort, for the soldiers’ dwellings, covered with bark and some with boards, made chiefly of logs. There are also several other houses, such as stables, smith’s shop, &c.

“I could get no certain account of the men here, but according to the best judgment I could form, there are a hundred, exclusive of officers, of whom there are many. I also gave orders to the people who were with me to take an exact account of the canoes which were hauled up to convey their

forces down in the Spring. This they did, and told fifty of birch bark and a hundred and seventy of pine, besides many others which were blocked out in readiness for being made.

“December 14th. As the snow increased very fast, and our horses daily became weaker, I sent them off unloaded under the care of Barnaby Curran and two others, to make all convenient dispatch to Venango, and there to await our arrival, if there was a prospect of the river’s freezing, if not, then to continue down to Shanapin’s Town, at the forks of Ohio, and there wait until we came to cross the Allegheny, intending myself to go down by water, as I had the offer of a canoe or two.

“As I found many plots concerted to retard the Indians’ business, and prevent their returning with me, I endeavored all that lay in my power to frustrate their schemes, and hurried them on to execute their intended design. They accordingly pressed for admittance this evening, which at length was granted them, privately, to the commander and one or two other officers. The Half King told me that he offered the wampum to the commander, who evaded taking it, and made many fair promises of love and friendship; said he wanted to live in peace and trade amicably with them, as a proof of

which, he would send some goods immediately down to Log's Town for them. But I rather think the design of that is to bring away all our straggling traders they meet with, as I privately understood, they intended to carry an officer, &c., with them. And what rather confirms this opinion, I was inquiring of the commander by what authority he had made prisoners of several of our English subjects. He told me that the country belonged to them; that no Englishman had a right to trade upon those waters, and that he had orders to make every person prisoner who attempted it on the Ohio, or the waters of it.

"I inquired of Captain Reparte about the boy that was carried by this place, as it was done while the command devolved upon him, between the death of the late General and the arrival of the present. He acknowledged that a boy had been carried past, and that the Indians had two or three whitemen's scalps, (I was told by some of the Indians at Venango, eight,) but pretended to have forgotten the name of the place the boy came from, and all the particular facts, though he had questioned him for some hours as they were carrying past. I likewise inquired what they had done with John Trotter and James McClocklan (McLaughlin),

two Pennsylvania traders whom they had taken with all their goods. They told me they had been sent to Canada, but were now returned home.

“This evening I received an answer to his honor, the Governor’s letter, from the commandant.”

Omitting the letter, the Journal continues :

“December 15th. The commandant ordered a plentiful store of liquor, provisions, &c , to be put on board our canoes and appeared to be extremely complaisant, though he was exerting every artifice which he could invent to set our Indians at variance with us, to prevent them going until after our departure ; presents, rewards, and everything which could be suggested by him or his officers. I cannot say that ever in my life I suffered so much anxiety as I did in this affair. I saw that every stratagem which the most fruitful brain could invent was practiced to win the Half King to their interest, and that leaving him there was giving them the opportunity they aimed at. I went to the Half King and pressed him in the strongest terms to go ; he told me that the command would not discharge him until the morning. I then went to the commandant and desired him to do their business, and complained of ill-treatment ; for keeping them, as they were part of my company, was detaining me.

This he promised not to do, but to forward my journey as much as he could. He protested he did not keep them, but was ignorant of the cause of their stay, though I soon found it out. He had promised them a present of guns, &c., if they would wait until morning. As I was very much pressed by the Indians to wait this day for them, I consented, on a promise that nothing should hinder them in the morning."

The following from the journal of the 16th, written after leaving, shows up the strategy of both parties on the morning of final departure.

"The French were not slack in their inventions to keep the Indians this day also, but as they were obliged, according to promise, to give the present, they then endeavored to try the powers of liquor, which I doubt not would have prevailed at any other time than this, but I urged and insisted with the King so closely upon his word, that he refrained and set off with us as he had engaged."

Now, far as the eye can reach are to be seen field, farm house and evidence of culture; then all was wild, sombre, and savage. A solitary muskrat, swimming along at the base of the hill, was the only lineal descendant of that long ago. Musing of the wonderful man who, one hundred and

twenty-five years before, drew his blanket around him and lay down to sleep beneath the tall pines that capped the little eminence. Obed retraced his steps and took a drink from the spring, from which Indian and Frenchman alike slacked his thirst. The fountain is measurably secluded, and filled with beautiful trout. Having no piscatorial proclivities, he cast in no hook. Obed did not.

A country churchyard has a charm for Obed as he expects to go out some day feet first, and take possession of a retired lot in one. "There's a quiet old yard down west of town," said mine host of the Eagle, and to it Obed bent his steps. The little city showed marks of age, and the rude brown stones covered with moss, spoke of the affections of fifty, sixty and seventy years ago when husband, wife or child was laid away in a plain board coffin for the "sleep that knows no waking." They rest amid brambles, thorn and general dilapidation, for the new city, with carriage-ways, monuments, caskets and sleeping rooms, is more inviting to a residence in its pretentious abodes. "In a few more years," mused Obed, "wheat and corn will be waving over these silent homes. Then there will be cannibalism in Waterford, for somebody will be eating his grandfather."

“Waterford Academy, MDCCCXXII,” caught the eye of Obed, on an old stone front, and the door being opened he entered and passed through the halls where for more than fifty years have echoed the footsteps of the seekers after knowledge. There upon the walls were the names of those rendered immortal by a single stroke of the pencil, and unmistakable evidence of the fact that

“The Yankee boy, before he’s sent to school,
Well knows the mystery of that magic tool,
The pocket knife.”

As Obed stood and mused he thought of the then and now of pedagogics; of the changes that have wrought in methods, instruction and discipline since those old walls were built; then he remembered to have heard it said that Waterford has furnished more prominent men than any other township in the county, and he mentally exclaimed, “This old building explains it all; blessed be the memory of those who builded it, and those who have carried it on;” and echo answered, “Blessed.”

But the time set by Mrs. Obed for his return had arrived, and there was nothing for him to do but to return to the hotel. Suiting his actions to his necessities, he returned, and, taking an affectionate leave of the Grand Sachem and the gay old

host of the Eagle, and consigning himself to the tender mercies of the fiery headed Jehu, he was soon homeward bound, mentally vowing if ever invited to Waterford again, he would certainly go. Thus Obed vowed.

OBED AT THE HEAD.

It was summer, warm and genial, and Strong Vincent Post of the "Boys in Blue" advertised an encampment, with hard tack and beans, at the Head. Having had some experience in blue clothes, hard tack and s—— b——, Obed resolved to play "comrade." Suiting the act to the resolution, having first obtained the consent of Mrs. Obed, who has a great aversion to everything that looks in the remotest degree like war, he took the cars on the morning appointed and was soon in the city and making his way, in a headlong manner, down State street towards the dock.

Once on board the *Hunter*, his ticket for the beans safely secured next his—stomach, and passing out from the dilapidated docks, Obed. fell to musing, a practice to which he is much given, sometimes to the great discomfort of even his nearest friends—Mrs. and the young Obeds, for instance. In his imagination he saw the Bay as it was a hundred years ago, visited only by an occasional sail, for the steamboat man had not then been invented. Instead of the spires of a busy city, a rude fortress occupied the lonely shore from which scarce a wily Indian came down to ripple the quiet waters with his birchen canoe. These things Obed saw, and more. Settlers came; a hut village sprang up; soldiers went and came; one morning the post band played the funeral dinge, and brave boys laid “Mad Anthony,” at the “foot of the flag staff” to wait the reveille of the judgment morning; he saw the youthful Perry, as under his master hand there sprang up, as by magic, that renowned fleet that, once “lightered” over the bar, sallied out, “met the enemy and they are ours;” he saw the thriving village become a naval station, and then a lake city at whose expanding wharves a busy commerce plied; he heard a shrill neigh, and the “iron horse” was on the *Lake Shore*, and

for a time there was "war in Erie," and when peace was restored the wharves began to rot as the city extended herself inland, and Obed wondered if ever aerial navigation would—— "Ticket, sir," said a "blue" labeled "67," and the rectangular form of his pasteboard was soon destroyed, and Obed's reverie was at an end. It was ended.

The *Hunter* was now far out on the Bay, and Obed felt at liberty to take a survey of the crowd of strangers around him. It possessed all the characteristics of an excursion. There were men, women and children; young men and maidens—not so young; elegant perfumes, and fumes not so elegant — "But then, it is only twenty-five cents, and who can't afford a little extra touch," said Obed, half aloud. "What's that, sir?" said a demure-looking individual— "Show your tickets to the guard," sang out a military voice, and looking up, Obed perceived that one-half of the company was already upon the dock, and he also made haste to go ashore.

Once on terra firma, Obed hastened to carry into execution the resolution he had formed to scrape many acquaintances, and he succeeded admirably, for beneath the badge of the "Grand Army" there's a warm heart for all comrades. Here he

met one with an unpleasant limp. "How was it, old boy?" "A bullet through the knee at Gaines' Mill." There he accosted a man with a bad scar on his face, supplemented by another on the back of the neck. "'Twas a warm reception at Cold Harbor." Two canes told the story of cold lead through the spine at Antietam. A crutch and a cane recounted the story of Fredericksburg, and an empty sleeve revived the "Battle above the clouds." Sitting down by a pleasant fellow with two staves, Obed laid his hand familiarly upon his femur—'twas a regular "patent thing." "The flesh and blood," said his new made friend, "are resting at Five Forks." "Gone on the retired list," said Obed.

At the Head, Obed met the army of the Potomac, the siegers of Vicksburg; those who "marched with Sherman to the sea," and heroes of Gettysburg. He "took rations" again from the "Commissary Department," dipped his coffee from a "black sally," and cracked jokes at the "mess board;" he sat again on the *drum head* and laughed at the mock review, and as he noted the rapture of Young America, closely resembling that exhibited on "General Training Day" forty years ago, the days of his boyhood came across his mind, and he repeated,—

“O were you ne’er a school boy ?
And did you never train,
And feel that swelling of the heart,
You ne’er can feel again ?”

The sun was far out over the lake, the “light fantastic toe” was tripping it to the sound of the merry music, and Obed, as he looked over the restless throng said, “The crow foot is marking the brave men of sixteen years ago, and the ‘boys’ of that day are becoming tinged with a *loyal* gray. We light our camp fires, but there come fewer and fewer to enjoy their genial warmth ;

‘Our numbers dwindle year by year,
Our comrades seek the other shore.’ ”

Just then the whistle sounded, and as he caught the bright reflection of the sun from the bosom of old Erie, Obed remembered ’tis written, “In the evening time it shall be light,” and he took his departure homeward with this petition in his heart for all his “comrades :”

“So live that when command is given :
‘Break ranks’, we leave the *drill* below,
To *bivouac* in the camp of Heaven.”

OBED ON STRIKES.

“You are too late, sir; the *strike* has reached us at last,” said the gentlemanly agent at North East, as Obed, a stranger to all about, came up for the purpose of making a shipment. Thus it was, click, click, click had gone the telegraph unceasingly for two, three, four days, announcing that first one road then another had succumbed to ignoble, if not unreasonable demands, until finally the Lake Shore was no exception. All travel was suspended; the business interests of the country stood paralyzed, and riot was laying vandal hands on much that was fair and valuable.

Obed looked at the agent, then up and down the track, and then at the perishable fruit he wished to send to some distant friends, and his thoughts were not of the pleasantest nature. But then there was no use breaking the third commandment, and as he turned him about and prepared to go into the *canning* business, his memory

was busy, for he has observed that strikes are peculiar institutions, and that most people have at some time indulged in them. In fact, Obed himself has been a striker. His experience runs in this wise :—

When quite a little child he wished to go visiting with his parents, so he put on his happiest face and his kindest manner. He was most bewitching on that occasion, but it was of no use; he could not go. Then he struck—threw himself upon the floor, distorted his face and uttered hideous screams. Here the majesty of the law in the person of the elder Obed came in, and soon an urchin, artistically turned up, was heard exclaiming, “Oh! don’t, don’t, father; I won’t do so any more.” The strike was suppressed, and Obed was a wiser child.

Again, in his school days, when the teacher was calling to afternoon lessons by beating lustily on the sash with a Daboll’s arithmetic, Obed and three of his companions struck—for the skating pond. An hour later there was music in the old schoolhouse. A concert of human voices led by the sharp thuds of a well seasoned gad. One more strike was suppressed. When he returned home that night Obed had nothing but words of praise for that teacher—he was so kind and attentive. Those were the days when children never made

mention of discipline at school. Obed was a wiser boy.

It was long years after the above, and Obed was



Grandfather Obed's method of suppressing a Strike.

With a slight variation from Patrick Henry, the old gentleman was wont to say, "I have but one lamp by which my *hand* is guided, and that is the lamp of experience."

in the midst of a delightful morning dream, in which wealth, and honor, and fame were all gathering around him, that a sharp voice exclaimed in his ear, "Obed, Obed, get up and start a fire!" He raised himself gently upon his elbow, but soon sank gracefully back upon his pillow. It was but for a moment. A sharp thrust in the ribs, and, "Obed! Obed! I tell you get up; it's house-cleaning day, and Nancy Jones will be here before we're out of bed," brought him to a realization of the situation. He arose and went mechanically about the duties of the hour, continually revolving in his mind the glories of that wonderful dream. Breakfast over, Mrs. Obed directed him to remove the parlor stove to the sitting room and readjust it. Now if there is anything in the wide world that Obed hates to meddle with, it is a stove and pipe. He has heard good men utter fearful words whilst attempting to fit dissimilar joints; and he knows that really pious men indulge in wicked thoughts on such occasions; so lest he should be betrayed into one of these follies, he watched his opportunity when Mrs. Obed was busy, and struck—down town. Thus Obed struck.

Down town he stayed until near noon. Then he put in an appearance at home. There stood the

stove, and near it stood Mrs. O., broom in hand. "Now, sir," said a pair of thin lips, "tend to that stove!" Obed surveyed the situation for a moment. There stood the commander-in-chief of the household with the implement of her authority well poised. In the background stood Nancy as a kind of "reserved force." There was determination in two pair of eyes. With Obed discretion had long been the better part of valor. That stove was soon adjusted without a swear. The clouds broke, and domestic sunshine blessed a hearty dinner. Obed was a wiser man.

Various are the causes for which men strike. Obed remembers that the first one on record was made for an increase of knowledge—a very worthy object, 'tis true. There came of it "fig-leaf aprons" and death. Then Cain struck for the elevation of his craft, and as a result Adam turned sexton and the striker received a slit in the ear and a home in the "land of Nod," since which time it has been habitual for deacons to sleep in church. Many people pattern after the deacons.

All Israel went on a big strike down in Egypt, and did the greatest job of borrowing that ever was known; and yet, as is generally the case with strikers, they got an elephant on their hands. It took

them forty years to learn to manage him, and he proved breachy ever afterwards.

The Barons put up a good job of striking on John at Runny Mede, which has only been eclipsed by that of Jonathan on his old mother in '76. These, much as we delight in them, were fraught with much of evil and suffering, and have been the prolific parents of a host of similar strikes, lacking the principle, but having all the nerve and spirit. The sacrifice of property and life under such circumstances has been fearful.

Reflecting on these things, Obed has concluded that when men

“Strike for their altars and their fires ;
Strike for the green graves of their sires,
God and their native land,”

it is all right, and they should succeed. But when, on the contrary, they

Strike, evil passions to inspire ;
Strike for the things that none require,
For anarchy and “sand,”

there should be miserable failure. Personal and public happiness depend upon law and order. By these let all the people stand. Let parents impress them upon the sensibilities of childhood. Let teachers instill them into the mind of youth, and

wives insist that their liege lords shall carry them out in their daily lives. Above all, let not great municipalities encourage riot, theft and arson, against even a soulless corporation; for at best the act is dangerous, and may become an *expensive* luxury, tarnishing *even* legislative reputation.



OBED'S DAY AT FAIR POINT.



Obed had heard of the beauties, the privileges, and the piety of Fair Point, and for a long time had desired to visit it. At length a leisure day presented itself, and, that he might enjoy it in full, he took time by the forelock and started the evening previous.

Once aboard the train and moving, he gazed with delight upon the beautiful scenery constantly presenting itself. The faces about him were all strange, so Obed had nothing to do but gaze in

silence. This he did until a change of cars for the "Cross Cut" brought new scenes and new companions. Here was a stripling from the east, having a worm medicine of rare virtue, the fruits of which, carefully bottled, he was triumphantly exhibiting; there was a man from Indiana with an opera glass at his eye, a tongue loaded with "I declare," and a soul full of Sunday school enthusiasm; yonder were several ladies with a full assortment of band-boxes and babies, chattering like so many magpies. "Fair Point" was on the tongues of all these, and they were happy in their anticipations. The medicine man in the misery he should relieve, and the harvest he should reap; the Hoosier in beholding those on whom the mantle of the immortal Raikes has fallen, and the ladies in the delightful pastimes and the sweet *rest* they were to have. As for Obed, he was happy in observing the earnestness and comicalities of his companions, and the delightful scenery through which he was passing, and as he looked out upon the signs of advancing civilization he mentally exclaimed, "Lo, the poor Indian," and he presumes in a minute more he would have dived right into the hole that the "wild fox dug, unscared," had not the conductor just then sung out "Mayville!"

Then came the bustle and excitement incident to a change from car to steamboat, and Obed was soon afloat on the beautiful lake, now glittering in the evening twilight, and whose shores are rich in legendary tales.

As the steamer glided away, and he looked upon the pleasure-boats on every hand, the occupants merrily enjoying the cool of the evening, his exclamation was, "The red man bathed his limbs in this sedgy lake in the long ago, and its waters were broken by his birchen canoe years before the race of Fulton's began." To what flights of fancy his imagination might have risen, on other people's language, Obed knows not, had not a display of lights resembling the glitter of gas jets in front of a theatre, just then attracted his attention. "What's that?" inquired our hero. "Fair Point," replied the Captain. Feeling that behind such lights there must be a happy place and some fun, Obed seated himself upon the bow of the boat, and gave himself up to pleasing meditations until the craft touched the dock, where he descended, and for two pieces of silver purchased pass-ports to the "Elysian Fields" of his expedition.

Once within the gate, he inquired of a man, selling peanuts and candy, the way to the sanctum

of the scribes who write up the doings of the Fair Pointers. "O just you go up to the Auditorium and the pump, and you'll see it—who'll have another glass?" said the dealer. Remarking that he knew nothing about their *'torium*, which caused a smile among the bystanders, Obed passed on and soon came to a vast multitude of people who were listening to some men, seated in a great box considerably elevated above the rest, as they arose and told, one after another, of the wonderful deeds of some good men who had recently died. Some, it appeared, had been great preachers, and another had been a man of song. As he listened to the words of praise, interspersed as they were with excellent music, Obed wondered if ever there was a memorial service for the great "Preacher of righteousness," or if any *watering place* ever set aside a day in commemoration of the "Sweet singer of Israel."

The exercises drawing to a close, Obed sought out the place of the scribes, a kind of *ten by fourteen* foot arrangement, very plain in its appliances, but all a-Flood with Moore-of-Dobbs than anybody else except an unclerical-looking chap, who possessed the rare faculty of deciphering quail tracks

without flinching, even in presence of ministerial dignity.

After a pleasant chat, Obed was informed that the time when all Pointers must retire was at hand, and if he didn't want to be "policed" he must find a place to *burrow*, and was kindly directed to the General Office for further information. This, after some wandering, he succeeded in finding and was sent thence to the keeper of the keys of the "Land of Nod" for all wayfarers on the Point. Here, after paying two pieces of silver he was put in tow of a small honest faced boy, in whose wake he followed for half an hour through mazy streets and tangled wild wood, and then returned to the "place whence he came" for repairs, a new number and a new start. Some minutes brisk walk brought him to No. 42 —Avenue, where he was consigned to the tender mercies of a benevolent-looking gentleman who led him up a narrow stair into a hall of indefinite length, but four feet wide, and split in the middle by a row of sheets suspended from the joists above. Behind these, as nearly as he could judge, were several ladies suspended from pins in the studding. One of these, that is, one of the ladies cried out in a squeaky voice, "Laws a massy! don't bring a man in here!" and a gruff

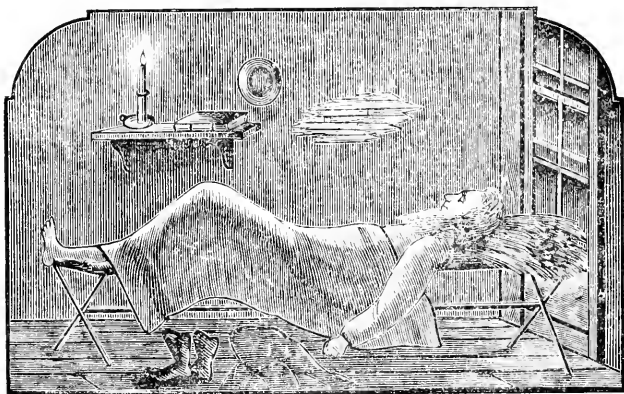
fellow, whom Obed thought to be leaned up in an adjoining corner, growled out something about *thieves*, when the host remarked that the gentleman with him had an honest countenance, and all subsided into silence, and the work of bed making proceeded. This consisted in spreading out an unusually long saw-horse, to the ribs of which was firmly attached a piece of canvass eighteen inches wide and five feet long; across one end was laid a bundle of straw, and over all was spread an "army blanket" which had evidently seen service, the whole reminding Obed of the days of his military experience. When all was ready, his host bade him a kind good-night, and slowly and sadly Obed turned in. As he did so, he remembered the couch of his boyhood, prepared by a mother's careful hand, and he repeated, with slight variation, as her sainted lips had taught him,

"Now I lay me *up* to sleep."

The words had a soothing effect on the mind of Obed, and he was soon in the land of dreams, in which Sunday school exercises, memorial services, summer resorts, and various pursuits of pleasure were continually rising before him.

At early dawn Obed was on his feet. His ablutions performed and prayers, few and short,

said, he set out for the "Holy Land." A single Arab of the tribe of Abou Van-Lennep had preceded him. As he appeared perfectly civil, not even demanding "buchesh," Obed felt perfectly at



Obed laid up to sleep.

ease. After wandering through the "hill country of Judea," he "went down to Samaria," and thence ascended to Mount Carmel, and took a view of the Plain of Sharon and the "Great Sea." Leaving this, he came down across "Esdradon," passed through "Nazareth," and soon stood by "deep Galilee," upon which the first rays of the morning

sun were now resting. Having satisfied himself that no "fisherman" would cast in his net that morning, he departed" to "Mount Tabor," and then "came down" and "crossed over Jordan," only to traverse "Bashan" and the "Land of Moab." This done he came round the "Dead Sea," and stood at the entrance of "Machpelah" in "Hebron." As he did so, thoughts of that first dealing in real estate of the long ago, and the many "six feet by two" transfers since, and as he went up to "Jerusalem" the myriad of hallowed scenes connected with the "Land of Promise," where the

"Holy and Just with the people sat down,"

went flitting through his mind, and he was glad that God had put it into the heart of the great "Mowing machine" man to transfer the "Land" in miniature, to the banks of beautiful Chautauqua, where untold thousands may come, and in pleasant pastimes, learn so much of the *word*.

When he had gazed his fill, Obed went up to view the city. She was just beginning to put on her morning activity, and as he threaded her avenues, bearing the names of the immortal dead, and the honored living of the church, and listened to the songs of thanksgiving and words of prayer

as they rose from cottage and tent he said, "Truly the groves were God's first temples."

Like other men, Obed is subjected to sensations of hunger. These the rambles of the morning had called into vigorous activity, and he turned aside to a hotel and for two pieces of silver gained admittance. After a protracted waiting, there were set before him "ham and eggs, mutton chops, potatoes, tea, and bread, butter and molasses," on which he fed with joy and gladness. Thus refreshed he went up and viewed the "pyramid," and then walked down to the "Oriental House," which he carefully inspected, seeing better than ever before how "They tore up the roof and let him down in the midst;" how they "walked upon the house top in the evening-time and gathered themselves into the court in seasons of danger."

This was a "Day of song" in which great multitudes took delight, but Obed delighted rather in studying the multitude itself. In it he saw great *bodies* of divinity, some of whom had been "Doctored," whilst others were patiently waiting for the same *pleasing* process. He saw men seeking—some for wisdom, others for money, and not a few for sport. His eyes rested upon a few real Marys. Marthas and Dorcas were by no means unrepres-

sented. But Obed saw more of the frolicking, fun-loving, good-natured sisters of our frail humanity than of any other. Even "Pansy" as she strolled around, looking anxiously after her "Four Girles," was not insensible to feelings of mirthfulness.

The day was wearing away, and the burden of Obed's musing was, "Fair Point is a miniature world in itself, presenting all the hopes and fears, joys and sorrows of the great one, in which we are all called to move and act." Thus impressed, he hastened to the dock, gave up his paste-board, and passed without the gate, only to behold the "*Mayville*" and the "*Griffith*," "neck and neck," each trying to make the wharf. There was high pressure in the boilers, and a full head of steam on in all the *humans* that thronged the deck of the respective crafts. Calvary, the cross, and the Sunday school interests generally were lost sight of in the intense excitement "for our side" to beat. Tired women waved their handkerchiefs and *invalid* men, and grave *shepherds*, energetically gesticulating, lifted up their voices in wild hurrahs. Quietly but firmly the "Mowing machine" man lifted up his voice in behalf of order and safety. After much delay a landing from both boats was made without accident, and stepping aboard the *Griffith*, Obed made May-

ville just in time to see his train glide out of sight. Then a lively team “With its loved presence brought balm” for sixteen pieces of silver, and he and several new made friends remembering that “every cloud has a silver lining,” enjoyed a most delightful ride across the country to Westfield, under the guidance of a merry Jehu, and there made a western bound train. A good supper and a soft bed soothed every disquietude in the mind of Obed, and he arose to the light of a new day, glad that he had learned by another experience the force of *multum in parvo*.

CENTENNIAL REMINISCENCES.

The Start.

There were sounds of labor and "notes of preparation" in the home of the Obeds. And wherefore? Obed feared he would not live to see 1976, and so he had concluded to do the next best thing, visit the Centennial Exposition. His companions were to be his wife and a lady friend. Obed bought, and Mrs. Obed and her friend cut and sewed, and arranged as only ladies will when they are going abroad and will appear presentable. As for Obed, he contented himself with a twenty-five cent *palm-leaf* for one extremity, a pair of brogans for the other, and suitable hot weather garments for the five-feet-eight between. Such was Obed's outfit, arranged for *business* rather than pleasure. All things ready and the day appointed for departure reached, good-byes were said, and three happy mortals stepped aboard the train which was to bear

them from their rustic home to see the wonders which "Brother Jonathan" had invited his *old mother* and her many sisters to bring to his dwelling place, that he might compare notes of a hundred years with them. Obed had heard of momentous occasions. As nearly as he could judge from his knowledge of the dictionary and the state of his feelings, this to him was such a one.

The whistle sounded ; the train moved ; the fields glided by ; the village and the home in which were the young Obeds faded from sight ; trees, fields and forests took up a "merry whirl," and when Obed looked into the faces of his companions as the train dashed along, every lineament seemed to say

"Bless me, this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail."

Soon the white farm houses and green pastures of Cheesedom began to give place to dust and smoke, general grindiness and the clink of iron, and he perceived that he was leaving the land of kine for the realm of coal. Directly the road came upon that great work of the fathers, the Pennsylvania and Ohio Canal which, completed, was the glory of the projectors—for a day. Obed remembered that he had plied the barrow and the spade on that same old ditch in the days when the

captain took in sails by knocking down the driver and the "cook" protected her eyes by taking a reef in the stovepipe. Now the tow-path is broken down, the "locks" are removed, the old barges are rotting all along the valley, and the "car" is the glory of those who once adored the "packet." Obed had tried both, and he was satisfied with his seat.

Across the beautiful Mahoning, amid ever-greens and forest trees, appeared for a moment the marbled mementoes of the loved and lost, and Obed remembered that in the silent city on the hill above the noisy one in the valley beneath, sleeps a sister who had shared the sports of his boyhood in the long ago. Memories of the old home, of father and mother, brothers and sisters, who will greet him no more, thronged his memory, and he wiped his moistened eyes, saying, "By and by."

An hour more and the Buckeye State was behind him, and Obed was breathing the air and drinking in the scenery of the Keystone, noble old State, land of Penn, and home of liberty and equal rights. Obed and his companions admired the beautiful and varied scenery through which they passed. He noted the many changes that had taken place along the Ohio since the days of his boyhood,

and said, "What would the noble red man of '76 say, could he look upon all these evidences of the Great Spirit's care for the white man?"

A temporary stop in the Smoky City, and Obed was sent out by the ladies to procure some delicacies. On every door save one, as he passed down the street, was "Lager," "Lager," "Lager." The "save one" was "XXX Ale." At last he came to a door marked, "Coffin Rooms," and he said, "A fitting end to this row." As he thought of the bloated, blear-eyed, besotted beings he had just passed, this ejaculation escaped him, "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Saddened by the sights he had seen, and disgusted with the fumes of inebriation he had inhaled, Obed retraced his steps, seeking no further for delicacies.

Onward.

"Ca's fo' Philade'h'a, New Yo'k, Bos'n—a' places Eas'," called the train crier. "All aboard," shouted the conductor, and Obed and his company were soon leaving the city of smoke and soot, of rattle and bang, of invincible industry, behind them. A hun-

dred years ago Pittsburg was a mere military trading post, far beyond the borders of civilization ; to-day she is the Manchester of a Continent. "A single pulsation in our Titan growth," mused Obed, and the train reached "Braddock's Field."

Here it was that the proud Briton shocked the sensibilities of the youthful, but circumspect George, by that historic expression, more forcible than elegant, "High times, high times, by G—d, when a young buckskin can teach a British General how to fight." Alas, poor Braddock! He has been sold by the acre many times since then, and no one longer holds grudge against him for his treatment of him who soon became, "First in war ; first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Obed, even, is not envious of the price he brings. Obed is not.

There's a dashing along over mountain and down valley, and, as darkness gathers around, the whistle sends its shrill notes through the train, the brakeman opens the door and calls out "Altoona." There is no chance to see, but Obed remembers that here in the darkest days of the Rebellion came the Loyal Governors and took counsel how best to stay up the hands of the noble President, and the no less worthy thousands, struggling on the field for national existence. The world knows how well they did

their work, but they will meet in council no more. Tod—Honest Dave, sleeps in the valley he loved so well, and which he did so much to develop. Morton, no longer lithe of limb as then, now lifts his clear voice in the chief council of the nation. Over the erring course of another, not over his patriotism, let us draw the mantle of forgetfulness, except for the lesson it teaches. Let us cherish their memories for their sterling worth.

Daylight revealed to Obed the beautiful scenery of the Susquehanna. He looked in the faces of the ladies. They were lengthened from yesterday; their *ruches* were sadly demoralized, and they eyed with besmoked vision, and no pleasant smile the dust and cinder that covered their garb. As for Obed his countenance was "clear as mud," and he found himself in very much the same condition that Gilpin did after he had taken several turns in that famous ride of his. But then, Obed and his companions were going to the Centennial; they had made up their minds to "endure hardness," so raising a merry laugh, they whiled away the time in counting the minutes it took to pass by Tom Scott's line, under the streets of Baltimore; in watching the market women, with their baskets, and in wondering what the country about Washington, with its evergreen

shrubs and dwarfed mullens was made for. As yet, "no man knoweth."

A sudden curve in the road, and the dome of the Capitol was in view. There was no more time for languor. Obed and his companions were on the—were on the—were on the, yes, now he has it—on the *qui vive*, which means in plain English, "on the lookout." Obed and his companions were on the lookout for objects of interest. As the train made its circuitous way into the city, Obed noted many changes since the days of the Rebellion. Once within the depot, a pleasant looking man cried out, "This way; free buss for the Tremont House." As Obed is fond of "free busses," he accepted the invitation, and soon he and his companions found themselves in very pleasant rooms, with water, towels and everything essential to thorough ablutions. These performed, clean apparel donned, a savory meal disposed of, in the midst of the most assiduous attention from intelligent waiters, and the Obeds were ready for "business."

At the Capitol.

Up they went to the Capitol, the sun pouring at the rate of 105° to the minute, and Obed, as he

wiped the perspiration from his streaming face, was soon convinced that this was the pursuit of pleasure by water. The building once reached, the visitors were delighted in wandering about the Rotunda, the various passages, Halls and Galleries ; in examining the statuary and inspecting the paintings. Here Obed met face to face, George, and John, and Thomas, James I and James II, and John whose second name was "Q," and Andrew who was familiarly called "Hickory," and Martin who delighted in the poetic appellation of "Matty Van," and a host of other worthies. He remembered that most of these had been unexceptionable boys, sons of one mother. To Obed it is a great thing to be an unexceptional boy. Such never enter the Benevolent Institutions of the land to pursue a course of instruction on the *one study* system. It is said to them, "Come up higher." Here Obed and his companions gazed upon the "Landing of the Pilgrims" till, hot as it was, they heard

* "The dashing waves beat high
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

Here they saw that amiable daughter of Old Mrs. Powhatan as she rushed forward and saved the race of *Smiths* to the New World—an act deserving undying gratitude, but from which the⁴ ruthless

hands of historians are trying to strip every vestige of artistic attitude, and rob it of all its poetic fancy. They contemplated with wonder and delight, the crowning piece of the Capitol, the "Emigration," whose cumbrous wagons and noble steeds; whose stalwart men and cheery women; whose lowing herds and bleating flocks; whose barking dogs and shouting babies, winding along valleys and scaling mountain crests, show how well the painter understood how the great West has been peopled.

But the Obeds could not spend all their time on statuary and paintings, however worthy. They must see the *life* of the Capitol, so they made their way to the gallery of the "House" and looked down into the *pit*. There Obed saw a seething, shouting, disorderly, turbulent mass of humanity, and he said, "These are the sons of *aunts*. No one mother ever *fathered* so much recklessness. It is not a good thing to be the son of one's aunt." Obed had been told of an "Old Boy," but has heard his existence questioned. Obed questioned it no longer. Let whosoever does, look in upon the American House of Representatives and he shall see not *one*, but a "*legion*"—a legion of *old boys* in the House of Representatives.

Calm and quiet was the Senate Chamber. One gentleman blandly discussed the Currency Question, whilst about thirty others quietly chatted, *politely* napped, or undisturbedly poured over the daily news. The Senate was decorous; but, well, *but—*

The *Departments* are objects of interest in Washington. To these the Obeds went, but briefly. Lastly, they wended their way to the “White House,” which the ladies were particularly anxious to visit. Obed has many times observed that ladies readily gravitate towards a good house. It was so in this instance. The hall was entered with bated breath; the “East Room” was threaded with noiseless step and wondering eye. Thus much was all the Obeds expected, but they were to be more than gratified. The *races* were over, and “His Excellency” had returned the previous evening from Long Branch, and they were apprised by a polite attendant that they would be permitted to make him a call as soon as he had completed some business with a *colored* representative, which led Obed to reflect that Solomon made a mistake when he said, “There is no new thing under the sun.”

Once ushered into the Cabinet Room, the leader of the party said, “Obed, from Ohio, Mr. President.”

And “His Excellency” responded, “Mr. Obed, Mrs. Obed, and Mrs. Obed’s friend,” as he grasped them severally by the hand. Obed cooled himself with his “palmleaf,” the ladies made a vigorous use of their fans, and His Excellency wiped the sweat from his brow with his coat sleeve.



A warm time in the Cabinet.

The Obeds looked up, and His Excellency looked down.” They all said “Good day,” and that “Cabinet Meeting” stood adjourned.

Again on the cars, the Obeds were hurried out of the city of Magnificent Distances, with her

broad streets and beautiful parks; her pleasant homes and hospitable inhabitants; her moral turpitude and political chicanery, through the *Region of Agricultural Despair*, and under the Monumental City, with barely time to reflect that here, sixty-two years before, a prisoner on a British Man-of-War then hurling shot and shell at the first "American Flag" ever raised, Key indicted "The Star Spangled Banner." And Obed said,

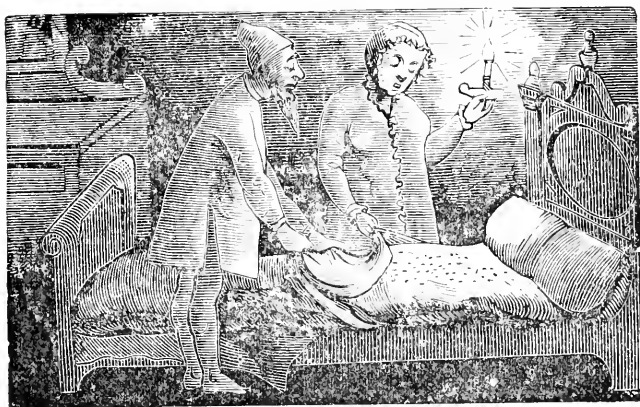
"Long may it wave
O'er the Land of the Free
And the Home of the Brave."

Philadelphia Reached.

Onward sped the train through ever improving lands; amid homes and scenery each hour becoming more and more attractive, until just as the sun rested his broad disc upon the Alleghenies, Philadelphia was called. Weary and hungry, Obed alighted and looked about for the man who sold the youthful *Benjamin* the "rolls." He was not to be seen; his place of business was closed—closed in Philadelphia, so Obed and his companions sought a hotel, and after a hearty supper, with the atmosphere at "ninety-five,"

"They *rapt*
The drapery of their couches round them, and lay down"

to hot Centennial dreams, in the midst of which the *rapacious bug* made haste to levy and collect his first bloody contribution.



A Revelation

Beginning Work.

The thermometer at 95°, a close room, and those awful bugs, made the shrill cry of "*cat fish*," as it came up from the pavement in the early morn, music sweeter than any lullaby, and Obed quickly arose and performed his ablutions, and tried to compose his mind to a devotional frame, but he had a *scratching* time of it.

A good breakfast brought balm, and the excursionists soon sallied forth to enter vigorously upon the work in hand, and as there was no more fitting place to begin than

Independence Hall,

to this they wended their way. The "Spirit of '76," in the person of divers old men, dressed in the costume of the "Continental," had preceded them, and was driving a brisk business in playing *news boy* with fac smiles of the journalism of a hundred years ago. Pushing their way past these and a host of other curiosity venders, all blessed with genuine "Bedouin" grit, though clad in Yankee habiliments, they soon stood within the Hall hallowed by a thousand sacred memories, for here one hundred years before did true men "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof:" here, during the dark days of the Revolution had echoed the foot steps of Washington, the Adamses, Hancock, Franklin, Jefferson and Morris,—all the fathers of the Republic,—as they came and took counsel together; because their counsels were wise and their determinations unswerving, Philadelphia stretches out over miles of territory and her nearly a million of people gave entertainment to the world;

and because they fought, suffered and endured, a great people is free, prosperous and happy, offering an asylum to the oppressed of every clime, but firmly asking that they bring not the demoralizing institutions of their old homes to engraft upon the fresher, purer ones of the land of their adoption.

Turning to the left they entered

Independence Chamber,

which they were informed by a picture vender, presented much the same appearance that it did a hundred years ago. The only important change is the old wood floor has given place to one of marble. Here they found the chair and table occupied by John Hancock, whilst President of the Congress of 1776. The chairs of many of the other members still remain. These are of wood, strongly made, with seat and arms covered with leather.

Here, in a case prepared for the purpose, is the original Declaration of Independence. It has been so many times copied that the names are nearly obliterated. In the same case is the silver inkstand used in signing both the Declaration and the Constitution.

On the walls they saw many portraits of distinguished patriots of the Revolution; among them

that of Washington is most conspicuous, as it ever must be. The chandelier which lighted the fathers in their nightly sittings, with its little "sticks" for the "tallow dip," hanging from the old ceiling, was in strong contrast with the gorgeous ones they were soon to see in the Main Building. Several of the old banners with the devise of the serpent, and the motto, "Don't tread on me," are here carefully preserved.

Across the vestibule from the Chamber the Obeds entered the

National Museum,

into which are being collected the relicts of our early and more modern history. They found pictures of historic interest, portraits of the Georges, and of American and French worthies, on the walls.

Obed looked long upon old Independence Bell and its unique hangings of heavy timber, remembering that, though it rings no longer, its tones are by no means dead. He looked with reverence upon the "First Prayer in Congress," as the quaint old manuscript appeared before him, and with deepest interest on the original Charter of Philadelphia,

written by Penn himself. Seated in an old church pew, often occupied by the worthies of long ago, Obed reverently laid his hands upon a piece of the lightening rod put by Franklin upon the "West Mansion" in 1767. As he did so, he thought of the great number of "Cable" and other patents which have appeared as offspring of that simple contrivance, and of the vast amount of *negative truth* to which their sale has given rise, and he was glad that the iniquities of the children are not visited upon the parents to the fourth generation, for if so, where would "Poor Richard" be?

Leaving the ladies to examine the quilts, dolls and laces of the mothers of the Revolution, and feeling sorry that he could not note a hundred things of interest, Obed proceeded to copy the following:

"This building commenced 1732 A. U. C. 50 Andrew Hamilton Architect and Superintendent Was occupied by the Legislative Assembly of Pennsylvania 1736 to 1799 The Supreme Court 1743 to 1775 The Congress of the Union 1775 to 1781 Peasle's Museum 1802 to 1828 The Councils of Philadelphia from consolidation of the liberties 1854."

The brick of which the Hall was built, were brought from England, and the original cost of the edifice was 5,600 pounds sterling.

At one of the landings was found the following inscription, speaking volumes for the patriotism of the past and the generous emulation of the present:

“The State House of Pennsylvania, consecrated by the memories of Events that occurred within and under Shadow of its Walls, is dedicated by the Citizens of Philadelphia to their Fellow Countrymen of the United States a Perpetual Monument to the Founders of American Independence on the National Centennial Anniversary, July 4th, 1876.”

The inspection ended, the little company passed through the beautiful park in the rear of the building, and made haste to reach the “Centennial Grounds.”

In the Main Building.

That universal yankee expletive “wal,” so expressive of satisfaction, and of every thing else that is grand and glorious, burst involuntarily from the lips of Obed as he entered the magnificent structure, designed as the place of principal exhibit. He had seen its mammoth proportions in the distance. He had looked upon its manner of construction from without, and admired the beauty and design of its workmanship. Upon all these Obed looked, but once upon its twenty-one and a half acres of floors,

with the choicest gifts of the nations spread out before him, and the mellowed and variegated light from the thousands of stained panes falling over all, the scene baffled description. Obed remembered that in the days of his boyhood he had read the "Arabian Nights," and there came floating back through his memory visions of genii and fairies; of gorgeous palaces with all their rich furnishings of choicest woods, and silver, and gold, and upholstery of damask and crimson; of their inhabitants clad in the rich satins and delicate laces of the Orient. Again he beheld that marvelous lamp which, in the hands of Allaquin, wrought such wonders; again he heard the "Open sesame" which yielded up untold treasures at its utterance. Obed had been taught that all these were only *stories* to please his boyish fancy, but never in any way to be realized. But were they not more than realized in what he saw around him?

The Vision.

Overcome with the varied sensations of the scene, Obed seated himself musingly, when there was before him a venerable form having the impress of genius upon his brow and an irresistible energy

marking his every motion. He stretched out the wand of science over the surging deep, and a new world, clad in primeval grandeur and of vast extent, rose slowly from the world of waters. Its people were a wild and simple race, unlike the inhabitants of the land of the great magician who had called them into view. And Obed noticed that when the great seer made known to his people what he had done, and their souls and the souls of their neighbors were stirred within them, that in great numbers, some impelled by love of adventure, some by thirst for gain, and some that they might provide a resting place for themselves and their loved ones, sought the shores of this strange land. And he observed further, that, as they began to plant homes along her borders, to dig for treasures beneath her soil, to traverse her interminable forests and to navigate her noble rivers in search of new scenes, there hovered over her fairest portions the form of a beautiful female. On her countenance there beamed a smile of conscious purity of purpose; about her brow was a crown of choicest fruits and grains, interwoven with the green of the "palm and the pine;" her garments falling in graceful folds about her, revealed the handiwork of every craft; in her left hand she held the volume of truth,

whilst, with her right, she extended to the nations the olive branch of peace. And as the people who had known nothing but war, and bloodshed, and oppression, and ignorance, saw the tokens, Obed beheld that men left the home and graves of their fathers by hundreds and by thousands, and she appointed them dwellings by broad bays, along winding rivers and in fertile valleys. Wherever she breathed, there was the spirit of liberty. And Obed noted that the people constructed for themselves highways, and beautiful homes and churches and temples in which their children were taught the ways of knowledge; that the dusky natives of the soil reluctantly gave way before them; that the forests, felled by the woodman, gave place to fields of waving grain, and in their happiness the people called their guiding spirit the "Genius of the West." As Obed gazed in wonder and delight on all this, toward the rising sun a cloud rose dark and muttering, and the spirit of the East, maddened that his people grew restless at the prosperity of their kins-folks in their new land, came forth, all clad in the panoply of war, and would throttle their efforts and chain them as bondsmen to his chariot wheels. Then it was that Obed saw the matchless power of of the beautiful figure upon which he had

heretofore been gazing. Gathering her beloved children about her, she breathed upon them the spirit of her own invincible will, and bade them prepare for the struggle, without once doubting as to the result. On came the spirit of the East, leading his minions of tyranny. Long and fierce was the struggle; the land was drenched in blood; the hearts of the stoutest trembled for the fate of their cause. But Justice had unfurled her banner over the new land, and in her own good time the Genius of the West placed the sword of victory in the hands of one of her own brave sons who had followed her with unswerving step through all her years of strife, and who now was enshrined as first in the affections of all his fellows. And Obed saw that the spirit of the East relinquished his hold upon all the fair land over which the spirit of liberty had hovered, and as he returned to his island home beyond the great deep, the people of the land gathered themselves together and said our guiding spirit shall no more be called the Genius of the West. Henceforth her name shall be *Columbia*, and the land shall be known as hers. And Columbia taught her people how to make laws equitable and just; how to rid themselves of old vices: how to protect themselves against their enemies and against

themselves, even at the expense of blood. Under her guidance they quickly spread themselves over all the land the spirit of the East had left them, and much which they afterward secured, so that they reached even unto a great sea beyond them; their cities became like the stars for number; their children learned wisdom in her tens of thousands of temples, and the people worshiped in innumerable courts which themselves had builded; they listened to the hum of spindles, the clank of looms, and the clink of hammers arising from their untold manufactories; they traveled in gorgeous palaces upon their rivers and lakes; they constructed curious roads of iron and journeyed over them in gilded coaches, fast as the eye could follow, their steel clad steeds shrieking in their headlong course; they talk with each other though thousands of miles apart, with tongues of lightening; the earth yielded them her increase and the mountains opened up to them rich treasures of silver and gold; their ships rode on every sea; their fame extended to the ends of the earth, so that all people wondered because of them.

Then Obed heard Columbia say to her people, "Come let us build us a great house in the city of Brotherly Love that we may bring of all our mer-

chandises and riches into it, and invite all peoples to do the same, that they may come and visit and make merry with us on my birth day." And Obed saw that "They had a mind to the work." And they builded a great palace of iron and of glass, garnished with rich colors, and they brought into it all the glories and excellencies of the land, and the people of every clime and tongue came with their offerings. Even the spirit of the East, forgetting the day of his vanquishing, came with his richest stores and treasures. And all were happy as they looked upon the rich cloths, the gorgeous robes, the elaborately wrought furnitures, the aromatic fruits and spices, and curious compounds; the chandeliers glittering in silver and gold; myriads of implements of every kind flashing in the sunlight, or listened to the strains of music as they came floating from instruments of rarest tone. As Obed gazed about him on the bewildering scene, he said, "Surely, I am in some enchanted land, and this structure of Columbia's is but a fairy palace which needs but the touch of her magic wand to dissolve it into nothingness." Just then a friend from the Buckeye State tapped him on the shoulder and said, "What, Obed asleep at the Centennial!" And he arose, rubbed his eyes, looked around and

thousand dollars. Obed had the ability to do the asking,

“ Only this and nothing more.”

The Concert.

It is probable that nothing produces so much *harmony* in a household as the “ wherewithal *shall we* be clothed,” and as if in perfect keeping with this sentiment, just here there broke in rich strains of music, and Obed looked up, thinking it was “ in the air.” Then it was that he first saw great organs, placed on high above the heads of the people, whose tones filled the domes and arches and then floated down to greet the accompaniments from Steinway, and Chickering, and Bradbury, and Hamlin, and scores of other American pianos and organs, and the many brands from beyond the sea.

Mrs. Obed and her friend went off in “ ecstatic raptures ” over the “ grand concert ” but Obed was calm and collected, for though his soul is full of music, he has had but a slight introduction into the mysteries of tune, just enough to catch faint glimpses of “ Yankee Doodle,” “ Hail Columbia,” “ Old Hundred,” and “ Rock of Ages ”—airs full of patriotism and of heaven. And Obed said, there is progress in

all this for Columbia; not “merely material progress,” as some contemptuously say, but progress for the finer sensibilities of the soul. And Obed remembered how the fathers toiled all the weary six days and then, resting on the seventh, in a log school house or rustic church, *raised*

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

And Obed saw those blessings as they came in pleasanter homes, less of begrimming labor, tidier school houses, more commodious churches and “forks” with which to *pitch* “Windham,” and “China,” and “Coronation ”

“From Greenland’s icy mountains
To India’s coral strand.”

Obed rejoices in the memory of that old time music, and congregational singing, and the institutions of the fathers, and the lullabies of the mothers, but he is not so “old foggyish” as to deny that we are even more blessed than they,—no he is not. And when he remembers that “David’s hands made the organ, and his fingers joined the psaltry” and that he afterwards became a great king, ruling with energy, Obed has no fears but our daughters will make wives and mothers good as those our fathers had, though Columbia has enabled us to fill our

homes, our schools and our churches with “stringed instruments and organs” on which they *play*

“One more day’s work for Jesus.”

Obed has honored the music of the “spindle” and the “shuttle”—glories in their day, but God has said “Man shall not live by bread alone,” and as he thought how much he is enabling us to do for our children by way of refinement and culture, an exclamation of satisfaction escaped his lips, and a policeman said, “What, sir?” and Obed replied, “This is grand!” Thus Obed replied.

Arms.

The concert ended, Obed found himself standing beside a “Gatling Gun,” a gun “fearfully and wonderfully made,” carrying its $4\frac{1}{2}$ ounce balls two miles, at the rate of 300 per minute. It was Obed’s to look admiringly on, this time, while Mrs. O. and her friend, obeying their feminine impressions, kept at a respectful distance. The old lady’s opinion of a gun was uppermost in their minds. Not so with Obed. He had handled “arms,” and so having pronounced this “Gatling” none of your ordinary “shooters,” he was off among the offerings of “Mars,” that he might see what the bloody god is constructing as implements of his craft.

And Obed saw guns; guns long, and guns short; guns richly mounted, and guns mounted *to kill*; guns wrought by Columbian hands, and guns from “Celestial” climes; guns of the most approved European models, and guns of South American device; guns from every land, each speaking some peculiarity of its people, and silently telling its deadly purpose. Obed saw pistols; pistols from Worcester and Springfield; pistols from Berlin and Paris; pistols from a hundred marts in all the world beside; pistols robed in silver and burnished with gold; pistols grouped in the most fantastic manner as festoons, as bedsteads, as gaily dressed dolls with their little *butts* resting on downy pillows; but Obed knew there was death in the *breeches* of them all.

There were swords in abundance; swords from Chicopee and Birmingham; “Toledo Blades,” that spoke of Morish cavaliers, and scymitars from Damascus, that carried him back in imagination until he almost saw Abraham arm his servants from her traders; David sending down his agents to bargain for new supplies at her manufactories; Peter adroitly shaving the side of Malchus’ head, and the stalwart crusaders, parrying with their heavy broad swords,

the well aimed thrusts of the wiley Moslems' steel;
swords

“ Whose diamonds light the passage of their blades ”

And Obed beheld battleaxes that had done valiant service in the hands of Northman and Hun; spears that had let *let* light into many an African countenance; bows that had sent forth arrows of death, and knives well calculated to peel a pale-face's *crown*. And Obed said “ These are implements of war for which there will be no use when the lion lies down with the lamb, and the bear eats straw like an ox.” Then as he looked out across the “ Avenue of the Republic ” and saw the mammoth cannons, mortars, turrets and other enginry of battle, he thought what a falling off there will be in the manufacture of crude metalic ores when all these are beaten into “ plow shares and pruning-hooks.” As he thought of that “ good time coming,” had he been a singer, Obed would have struck up

“ O, that will be joyful, joyful,
When men learn war no more.”

As it is, Obed leaves it with Him who has promised it, not doubting but in “ the fullness of time ” He will fullfil.

Pipes.

Passing from among these implements of carnage, Obed sought the “arts of peace,” and stood before the German display of pipes. Remembering, as he looked upon the “Meerschaums,” “ambers” and “ivories,” with their rich mountings and artistic “stems” that his *great ancestor* was a Teuton, he almost broke forth, “O mine herr, mine frau, mine Got—mine—mine—mine shmoke bipe. Run, Shon! pring me mine dobacca pox, gwiek!” But Obed restrained himself; he never “dissipates.” Obed never *dissipated* but once. He was a “small boy.” It was a small cigar. It was a *little* smoke, but was soon followed by as earnest an “O Lord, O Lord, what shall I do?” as mortal boy ever put up to his Maker. He wanted none to see him—no mother to hold his head, nor has he had a hankering for the *weed* since.

The Pulpit.

But a little way from the marvelous display of pipes, was an object very different in design, and of much greater interest to Obed and his companions.

“The pulpit, and I name it filled with solemn awe,
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and efficient guard
Support, and ornament of virtue’s cause,”

wrote Cowper his soul all aglow, and believing with him in the truth of these sentiments, did Obed approach the “*Berlin Pulpit*.”

There it stood a thing of most perfect workmanship, its five faces richly carved “with scripture stories from the life of Christ,” telling of that long ago betrothal of the virgin to the *just* carpenter; of the “annunciation;” of the visit of Elizabeth; of the manger “cradle” and the angel throng, and of that lone flight to Egypt. As Obed looked up, he saw surmounting the whole, delicately formed angels, their tiny wings outspread as if to bear “good news” from earth to heaven, as in that olden time real ones brought “glad tidings” down to men. He admired the beautiful piece of mechanism, in its great height, its exact proportions, its ingenious devices. Obed admired, and as he did so, he thought of the plain country church in which he was accustomed to worship, with its old-fashioned pulpit, its plain seats, and the throng of friends and neighbors who gathered there on the return of each peaceful Sabbath; and then he tried to conceive the magnitude of the church that

should be fitted for such a pulpit; of the richness of its furnishings, and the wealth of those who should enter within its "pale." And then he remembered that the object before him was for Kingly lands, and his mind ran away to another part of the "Building" where he had seen the plain "Board" *behind* which Whitefield stood more than a hundred years ago, and *before* which, in response to his impassioned appeals, multitudes prostrated themselves, weeping, and inquired, as in a second Pentecost, "Men and brethren what shall we do to be saved." Obed recognized anew that "God is no respecter of persons" and calls all,

"To worship Him, who designs in humblest fame,
On wildest shore, to meet the upright in hearts ;"

he was renewedly thankful that the *poor*, as well as the rich, "have the gospel preached to them." Obed was thankful.

Scenes of the Crucifixion.

If the "Pulpit" with its rich designs was well calculated to waken the devotional element in Obed's nature, much more was a view which soon after greeted him in a neighboring court—a court of the "Father Land." Turning a sharp angle into this court, amid the rich altar furnishings of some

stately cathedral, "He of whom Moses and the Prophets did write," was before him. The hand of the artist had, indeed, made the inanimate earth speak. There, life size, was Jesus: Jesus upon the cross, the death agony on his brow, the lips almost quivering into "Father forgive them," the blood, staining hands, and side, and feet; Jesus, his "begged" body delivered to his friends, his head resting upon his mother's knee, that knee that long ago had supported him, a babe in Bethlehem, every lineament of that pallid countenance seeming to say, "It is finished;" Jesus in the tomb of the Arimathean, those wounds dripping blood, but a face radiant with the promise, "I am the resurrection and the life;" "Let not your hearts be troubled." Here Obed stood and wondered, wept, and worshipped in the presence of a mere human conception of the "Divine Tragedy." Many a time has he conned the words, whilst others have given them the gush of song,

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains,"

but never before had they come to him with such "spirit and understanding" as now.

Ere he turned away from this touching delineation of that greatest of sacrifices which was to come

in the "fullness of time," all those touching ministrations which marked the *pilgrimage* of the Master; that perjured court; the ascent of Calvary; the rending of the veil; the walking forth of the risen dead, and the testimony of that unearthly darkness, had passed before his mental vision, and he wondered whether there is not a hidden power to the "Mother Church" in her multiform representations of angels, divinities, saints and scenes, presented to her votaries from rosy childhood to hoary age. Many a man has *read* a piece of statuary or a painting who could not peruse a printed page. "See thou make all things according to the pattern shewed thee in the Mount," is an old injunction, but its spirit is not yet dead.

Educational Interest.

Turning from the figures which had so interested him, Obed bethought him of the special request of a friend, who had already witnessed it, that he should be sure and visit the Japanese Educational exhibit. Now said friend looks at everything with an eye to the "recompense of reward," and his visit to the above named Educational Department had "dried up the fountains" of his benevolence so far

as missionary subscriptions are concerned;—he will give no more to carry the gospel to the crown-shaved, tufted Japs, or to convert the “pig-tailed Celestials.” “A new phase to an old idea,” mused Obed; “twenty-five cents saved to the credit side of your profit and loss account in the second century of the republic, old boy, and a dead loss of a *quarter* to the “American Board.”

Reaching the court where the Japan school appliances were outspread, Obed did not so much wonder at his friend's anti-missionary spirit. There were numeral frames, writing charts, drawing cards, cubes, cones, and quadrilaterals; botanical specimens, birds, insects, quadrupeds, and lessons from stones and minerals; air-pumps, electrical machines, mechanical powers, and optical instruments; mortars, retorts, crucibles, gasometers and other requisites for the laboratory: in short every appliance from “kindergarten” incentives up to university demonstrations. On all these Obed looked,—looked with interest, for although they were truly educational, they were pre-eminently Oriental; very unlike the manufactures of Wightman and Chamberlain.

Musing on the schools of the land of Siogun and the Mikado; of their juvenile classes; of their girls pressing the newly gathered flowers, the boys

classifying the results of their geological surveys, and all uniting in the rhetorical exercises of Composition Day, Obed wondered if they still indulge in the "heathenish practice of having the teachers board 'round," and presuming from the merry twinkling of the oblique eyes about him they do, he said, "I will not follow the example of my friend, and cut off my missionary support."

A move of a few paces and Obed was at home—was in the Educational Department of the Buckeye State. The *fathers* had not failed to labor that Ohio might be well represented, and if figures and facts would do it, it was done. But the world did not go to the Centennial to study figures and facts on paper. The world went to see, and so did Obed. Feeling thus he passed quickly into "Indiana," and his state pride was humbled in presence of what the Hoosiers had done. Facts and figures they had not omitted, but beyond these they had brought school methods, implements, and models. There in miniature were some of their finest school buildings of to-day, and over against them one of the long ago—a "School House of 1827." On this Obed looked, and his boyhood rose up before him. Again he threaded his weary way through the woods to the old log school house at the "four corners" and sat upon a

slab seat on the old puncheon floor; again, his back to the teacher, he laid his "Elementary" on the *desk*, a slab supported on pins driven into the wall, and ate pop corn with a relish known only to boys intent on study; again he "toed the mark" and spelled "baker," and read, those vivid thoughts, "Wood and coal will make a hot fire," and "I had some green corn in July on a plate;" and those thrilling tales of the "Old man who found the rude boy stealing apples and desired him to come down," but boy-like, the youngster "would not;" the maid who counted her chickens so prematurely, and the lawyer's bull which gored the farmer's ox; again, he saw the Obed ox-team bringing up the family portion of wood which he must needs chop for recess and nooning pastimes; again he ate his dinner of slapjacks and sausages and slid down hill on a board until that part of his *jeans* most liable to "wear and tear" became sadly demoralized, only to appear to him next morning under a change of colors; again he was in at the "barring out" and enjoyed alike the master's discomfort, and the apples and cider furnished as a holiday consideration for opening the door; all these and many other remembrances of school boy life in the back woods flitted through his mind, as he stood there in presence of

that life-like picture of the past. He saw himself the owner of a "Kirkham" and the inheritor of a "Daboll" and slate which had done service with the older members of the family; he ciphered to the Rule of Three; he was *admitted to practice* before the Board of Examiners, and then went *boarding round*;" he slept in the loft; slept in the "spare bed;" slept with the head of the family; slept with the children; he heard the children say, "Master, mother wants you to come next week," and "Mother don't want you to come 'til after butchering."

Thus in the presence of those model buildings did Obed review much of his school life, and as he thought of the *then* and the *now* of it, he said, "Progress in education,—progress in Japan, Ohio and Indiana, progress everywhere."

Turning to leave the Indiana display, Obed's eye caught an object of interest before unobserved. This was a fine photographic grouping of a "*Hoosier Family*"—a father, mother, and ten bright eyed lads and lasses, all school goers; the father and mother as visitors, the children as pupils in various stages of advancement. Upon inquiry of the attendant, Obed learned that Samuel Jones is an honest mechanic of the city of Indianapolis; an efficient member of the School Board, and an earnest advo-

cate of the Public School System of the State. So conspicuous indeed, have he and his family become, that the proprietors of the educational exhibit conceived the happy thought of presenting him and his as a part of the same, that not only the State but the World might see one of its benefactors; and Obed passed on, hoping that the Jones family may increase and multiply until it shall become more numerous than the family of *Smith* even, and that there may never be found one among its members advocating the *single heir* doctrine now becoming so destructive of real American influence, but that they may continue to fulfill the great law of labor and love in all things. Obed trusts they may.

Medicines.

Down upon the first floor again, Obed gave his attention to the department of medicines and chemicals for a time. This was glorious. To Obed this was glorious. The man who cares most for his kind—the man who in the language of the immortal “Ike” has “ascended into the deep arcana of nature”—the man who has expended fortunes in traveling researches, has exposed life and health

beneath tropic suns and amid polar frosts, that he might bring comfort to the afflicted and “with his loved presence,” healing to all the ailments of humanity—yes, the *patent medicine man* was there, and Obed gazed long and wistfully on his wares. How could he do otherwise? He could not without the basest ingratitude. There were “elixirs,” and “tonics,” and “vermifuges,” “pectorals,” and “expect-your-aunts,” warranted to cure “a thousand and one” diseases each. Many of them have already relieved nine hundred and ninety-nine cases of *simple debility* in its most chronic forms. There were “restoratives” for bald crowns; “dyes” for locks prematurely gray; “dentrifices” for the teeth; “balms” for the breath; “extracts” for pestering freckles, and *rogues* (rouges) for maiden cheeks. On all these Obed looked, and as he did so his memory was busy. He thought of all the fading grandmothers, nervous wives, and shattered husbands, and frail *humans* of other classes that ever he had seen; he thought of his own cup-board and of the bushel or two of empty bottles that might there be gathered up, and of the streams of Cod Liver Oil and “appetizers” he had swallowed, and as his eye rested on gilted and glittering “Ayers,” “Janes,” “Halls,” “Hooftlands,” and “Humbugs,”

his wish was that all their patrons might live to stand in presence of their show cases at the next Centennial. This only could Obed wish.

Chemicals.

Satisfied with gazing at “bitters” and “pills,” Obed began an inspection of other products of the laboratory. Here on the one hand was a mass of alum, cubical in form, clear as crystal, and weighing only three tons. Alum enough, thought Obed, to pucker the mouths of the boys of all Yankee Land for the next hundred years. A little way from this was a fine cylindrical mass clear as the other, and weighing five tons. Another one of still different form, beautiful in its crystline arrangement, weighed seven tons, whilst a fourth in the form of a large parallelopiped, and weighing nine tons, was traversed throughout its whole length by a “Mammoth Cave” artistically decorated with stalactites and stalagmites, revealing crystals of most perfect form. In presence of these an astirgent sensation was fast stealing over the mind of Obed, and it was with difficulty that he tried to imagine himself a boy again; sucking alum, nibbling his mother’s

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bees-wax and eating “choke-cherries”—choice delights of juvenile years—of Obed’s juvenile years.

Whether he would have shriveled entirely up, Obed will not pretend to say, for just then a friend said, “O see there!” And he looked and beheld a great pyramid of indigo—indigo sufficient to furnish “rainbow tint” for a thousand years. Obed never looks upon indigo but it wakens *fragrant* memories, and how could it be otherwise there in presence of so much *blue*? I could not. To Obed it could not. Again he saw the old time home with its broad cheerful “fire-place;” again the rolls, white, fleecy rolls, were spun; again the skeins were “knotted;” again the great earthen jar was brought out and set “in its accustomed place;” again there sounded through the house “notes of preparation,” and for long weeks, manipulated by the mother’s hand, the “savory odors” of the “dye tub” rose fresher than the “balm of a thousand flowers,” precursors they of sky-blue mits for misses hands, and “clouded” socks for boyish feet. No mothers now with colored hands. Dying, they lived; living, they dyed, but science has despoiled their daughters of those annual rounds our mothers so well knew. “My lads, now mind your p’s,” no longer enters the list of household words, though many a stalwart man remem-

bers them, as delicate “requisitions” from matronly lips. And Obed said, “How wonderful the change since I was a boy.”

Sundries.

Many and curious were the “ides” and “ites,” the “ates” and “phates” and other compounds, some liquids, others solids, upon which Obed looked. Had one-half the list been presented to his grandmother, the good old lady would have shaken her head and quoted Solomon on “many inventions.” She carried the progenitor of Obed, with his eleven brothers and sisters, safely through the whooping cough, the “canker-rash,” the measles, the itch and the other diseases incident to Connecticut childhood with a few simple remedies, as blue mass, lobelia, catnip, sulphur and molasses, “nanny *tea*,” and “oil-of-spank.” These would now avail little in the “ager” district of the West. But Obed does not stop to particularize. A great mass of “Extract of Log-wood” over against a fine display of “Arnold’s Writing Fluid,” wakened memories of “lang syne,” of the times he took basket and axe and gathered oak bark and alder from the forest to mix with log-wood chips, that the home spun might assume a

cinnamon tinge or a sable hue, as a good mother willed. Then, the dying done, Obed prepared his school-boy's supply of ink. It was not proof against the attacks of Jack Frost, 'tis true, but then it was the best he had, the best he could get, and—Obed had wandered to the front of a magnificent display of Aikin, Lambert & Co's Gold Pens, and as he gazed upon the broad "commercial" the stately "Congress" the pliable "corresponding" and the delicate "Lady's," in his imagination, he again dipped the honored "goose-quill" of long ago in the vial of domestic manufacture, hanging on the wall; with boyish care he made his "pot hooks" and "trammels," little dreaming what *they* had to do, with forming letters, and many times caring less; again he saw the "Jolly old Pedagogue," and the pedagogue that was not so jolly, his hair and ears loaded with unwrought quills and half-used pens; again he heard those oft repeated cries "Teacher, mend my pen;" "Master, this pen splatters;" "School ma'am, this pen makes too broad a mark." These were pleasant reflections. To Obed they were pleasant, and might have continued long had not some one just then said "My gracious," and looking up he saw on the one hand a rich display of "Joseph's" "Best Steel Pens," and on the other a gorgeous case

of "A. W. Faber's celebrated pencils." "Not much like the 'plummet' of the long ago" said Obed to himself, as he remembered the long strip of lead that served alike for ruling his paper, or sinking his line in the fishing time. As Obed turned to leave those standard pens and pencils, he wondered if Gillott and Faber would be at the next Centennial, or if the manufacture of their wares is as conducive to health as the spinning of thread to the "Coates" family or the compounding of cologne to the tribe of "Johannes Johannessen," of whom several hundred genuine "originals" still reside in the city of "many smells." Obed wondered, and wandered on.

Knives and Forks.

A pencil is worth little without a knife, and this was to be had at the Centennial. Obed saw knives—knives from the tiny "single blade" with which a lady may clean her nails, to the murderous "Bowie," with which "chivalry" was wont to avenge itself, and the reeking "scalper," used by the noble red man in adorning the walls of his lodge with ornaments chipped from the crowns of our fathers, a fine art not entirely uncultivated on our western frontiers to this day. Obed saw knives from the

shops of America and England, from Germany and Brazil, from Mexico and all the Orient; knives with pearl handles, and handles of ebony and ivory, all inlaid and beautified with silver, and gold, and precious stones: with blades, saws, files, forceps, forks, spoons, gimlets, cork-screws, screw-drivers, wrenches, hammers, chisels and boot-jacks, and a tacit assurance that by the next Centennial there will be added a chamber set, a dining room and kitchen, a cook stove, a horse and buggy, one cow, a small vegetable garden, and a check for groceries, with coupons attached. On all these Obed looked, and as he did so, he wondered if the Yankee element is not to be found in the soul of all boys, whether amid the bogs of Ireland, the higher culture of the Fatherland, or developing the infantile *cue* of a Ching-Chang, or reverently bowing, a ten-year-old follower of the Prophet. Obed wondered, and as he did so, he remembered the long ago, when he became the sole owner of a six-and-a-fourth-cent "dog knife," a genuine animal, with "pot metal" body, legs set for running, a well-formed head, the spring protruding as a stump tail, and blade for tongue. That knife was a treasure over which Obed gloated with pride, and which gained him the enmity of many a boy less fortunate. Then came

the glory that the ownership of a real "Barlow," brought with it, and Obed said "Alas, poor Barlow! he lives only in the memory of men growing gray; no one has brought *his* knife to the exposition." Thus Obed said and passed to the inspection of knives and forks. Of these he found not a few, coming from many lands. And Obed said, "Most people now use knives and forks, but it was not always so; and still, Ah Sin and his Orient cousins adhere to the usage of their fathers; Ah Sin and his cousins do."

There were knives and forks with bone and wooden handles, with handles of horn and ivory; knives and forks with blades and tines of burnished steel, and tripple plated with silver; there were "teas," and "dinner," and "carvers." On all these the world had done her best, but as he stood in the presence of the "Beaver Falls" exhibit, Obed said "Columbia leads the van in these." Especially did he admire that giant carving knife of seven foot blade, and ivory handle, and rich lettering, and perfect polish, and gorgeous mountings, and its companion fork; and he pictured to himself the man who could handle such implements. Then there arose before his imagination a gobbler "worthy of its steel," and a great thanksgiving

table was spread; the knives were like broad swords, the plates four feet across, the soup tureens held half a barrel, the coffee cups, two gallons each; they brought in potatoes and turnips by the bushel; the slices of bread were six feet long; the apple pies ten inches deep; pumpkin pies and everything else were in proportion; and when all was ready a race of giants came in and sat down. A commensurate grace was said, when the master of ceremonies arose to carve, and Obed looked up, and up, and up, and—"What are you thinking about now?" said a sharp voice—the massive walls and lofty columns vanished,—all was gone,—and Obed demurely followed Mrs. Obed and her friend, revolving in his mind how Solomon and the favorite Mrs. S. managed when they gave the first dinner party in the new palace royal, their table spread with dishes of gold, and not a fork to use; how Caesar and his friends must have looked at the imperial table, dipping their sop and tearing their meat with their fingers, and how Miles Standish supported, at the table on the Mayflower,

"The laudable use of forks,
Brought into custom there as they were in Italy,
To the sparing of napkins."

Thus musing, Obed realized that there are few things that more betoken progress than a simple

fork ; at first a stick, two uncouth iron prongs, two—three—four well-plated tines, and one of these a blade, with which a peasant girl a grace displays that queens might once have envied. And he was glad, glad he had interviewed Birmingham and Beaver Falls. Obed was glad.

Pottery.

Nothing more natural than that knives and forks should suggest dishes to the Obeds, and so it was. In a German court they surveyed the “Royal Pottery” of Berlin, in all its polish and beauty. There were plates, and vases, and flagons, and beakers, and coolers all of the choicest wares and richest patterns, embellished from the paintings of Raphael, Murillo and others of the masters, and spreading out before the beholder many a royal palace, feudal castle and rich landscape of the Fatherland. On all these Obed might freely gaze, but nothing more, for they were for palace tables and imperial halls. Obed perceived they were for sale—for sale at prices ranging all the way from \$500 to \$5,000 per set, or single articles. And Obed said, “It was not always thus in the land of Germania. Once Anglo Saxon, fiery Hun, and warlike tribes long since extinct,

ranged her interminable forests; and kings, and dames of noble birth, and their retainers all, ate their meat from wooden trenchers or from iron pots, and drank their wine from flagons rude." All this Obed said and there rose up before him visions of pewter platters, blue edged plates, and sets of figured blue; and with dishes such as these he knew many a cheery housewife had been happy as a queen, and had sighed for nothing better. Stepping just around a screen he stood in presence of gray stone beer mugs and pitchers, imitating in their forms and their blue trimmings old German wares. Their forms were quaint and figures curious, and here are specimens of the homely rhymes rudely inscribed on some of them:

"From sour beer and a scolding wife
May heaven protect thee all thy life."

to which Obed fully subscribes. Again

"To none will fate true pleasure bring;
Who does not love, and drink, and sing."

With the orthodoxy of this latter he is not satisfied.

But Germany was not alone in specimens of the ceramic art. China and Japan were there in oriental display. Semi-barbaric as they are, christendom has produced no such porcelain as our oblique-eyed

cousins of the house of Shem brought to compare with that of the enlightened sons of Japheth and the sable descendants of Ham. There were dishes superlatively fine, with designs and colorings characteristic of the East; and vases—vases urn shaped, and shaped every way; vases standing on their own bottoms and vases standing on bottoms of birds and beasts; vases covered with Eastern scenery and Mongolian devices; vases high and vases low,—as low as \$5,000; vases whose capacity would be measured by the barrel. On all these Obed looked in wonder and astonishment, but most on the vases. He looked on these, and as he did so, remembering the “Portlands” that stand on his own mantle, and Mrs. Obed’s dahlias and roses, pinks and *posies*, wondered of the flowers of the Orient; of sepals and petals, broad and out-spreading; of their pistils like walking sticks; of the size of a boquet proportioned to one of the vases, and of the amount of aroma that would float out from it; of the dimensions of a parlor suited for such a display, and what a nice thing a brace of them, placed upon a pulpit, would be for an embarrassed minister to hide behind. On all these things and many more, Obed was musing, when “Chin-chan-chang-che-whang-likee” fell upon his ear. Mrs. Obed and her friend laughed. “John”

looked at Obed; Obed looked at "John," then they bowed, and the Obeds passed on.

Then came a survey of pottery from England, bearing unmistakable evidence of John Bull; pottery bearing the impress of the Russian bear; pottery from Spain, tasty and cheap—a nice water cooler for 25 cts; pottery from Turkey and Egypt, including nice bottles of goats skin of just the pattern the Miss Jethros were carrying when Moses, old bachelor as he was, played the gallant, thirty-four hundred years ago;—the same that Hagar carried out into the desert long years before, when Abraham kindly dismissed her on account of the "late unpleasantness" between herself and Mrs. Abraham. As Obed looked he said, "How many things the Father has left to connect the present with the past, and to substantiate the truth of His word!" Thus musing Obed passed into a Peruvian court, where he saw pottery which, if not so rich, was *rarer* than all. Three thousand years ago the potter placed his clay upon the wheel, and here in the Centennial was the result; vessels shaped like three legged men with the dropsy; like stuttering boy with new cap, short shirt, and barefooted; like limbless ladies with their *jaws* bound up; like quadrupeds that walk, and reptiles that crawl; like

inhabitants of air and sea ; vessels all covered with curious symbols which when read will reveal the history of the strange people who formed them, and builded the great mounds in which they have been preserved for hoary centuries. Not only upon this pottery did Obed feast his eyes, but upon the potters themselves. Yes, old Mr. and Mrs. Incas and a number of the Junior Incases were at the Centennial. For three thousand years had they patiently waited for an opportunity to visit Yankee Land. Marvelous patience beside which that of the man of Uz fades away ! But now their desire was gratified. Though they were a little *dry* and somewhat *bony* in appearance, the people came and paid their respects to them, but Darwin failed to draw out the secret of their origin. To Mrs. Obed and her friend, these distant relatives were objects of special interest and they often speak of them, and Obed remembers them in his dreams

Dolls.

A woman of sense always takes to anything in the form of childhood as naturally as a duck does to water, hence Obed was not at all surprised when he found Mrs. O. and her friend standing in front

of the exhibit of *artificial innocency*, and enthusiastically discussing the rare beauty of both form and finish. By way of interlude, just to give them breath, Obed was remarking that so far at least as docility is concerned, art had made an improvement on nature, when a fine old lady who stood by, observing the rolling of the eyes of one in the hands of an exhibitor exclaimed, "La me, sir, they are almost as natural as if they were home-made," to which Obed could but reply, "Very natural, indeed, mam," and hurried off to inspect a "Chinese Bedstead," marked "\$4,500." It was said to have been carved out with a knife, and bore representations of everything hideous in heaven, earth, and sea, and as he gazed upon it Obed remarked to himself, "If there is anything better calculated than a mince pie and a quart of hard cider, to give a man the night mare, it would be to sleep upon that bedstead. It was fit only for "Celestial" climes.

Norwegian Figures.

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

sang Longfellow years before Centennial Expositions were thought of, and his words came flitting through the mind of Obed as he entered the "Norwegian Court;" for there he saw what no other

nation thought to put on exhibition—the varied phases of real life among the great mass of the people.

Here in a little corner, upon mimic snow, was placed a sledge with reindeer attached, and *pater familias*, well wrapped in woolens and furs, seated for the long drive,

“Over frosty Lapland dreary,”

whilst his better half stood by handing his lighted pipe, the pedal extremities of a “Baby mine” protruding from beneath the left arm. She looked the very picture of womanly meekness, and wife-like obedience. To Obed the picture was one of rare interest, and his feelings took to themselves wings of prosy, and audibly arose in these words,

“Happy the man whose fortunes share
A woman of such tender care.”

Turning to see what the impression was upon the ladies, Mrs. Obed curtly replied, “I’d like to see myself lighting a pipe or carrying a young one for any man living.” To this her friend nodded assent, and Obed responded, “So would I.”

Just across the aisle was another group. It was the old, old story—an empty cradle; a filled coffin, plain and simple; a young mother bowing under this her first great affliction, whilst the holy man of

God, book in hand, stood by administering words of consolation. As Obed looked, tears of gratitude welled up in his eyes, that the great Father had left his own band of loved ones all unbroken.

Just over the railing, at a little cross legged table, sat an old father and mother, crowned with the glory of years, he reading the “Book,” outspread before him; she busily plying the needles that knitted socks for little feet of other homes, as in the long ago they had for the *heads* of those homes, then prattlers upon the hearthstone where now but two again sat down.

It were almost needless to refer to the old “Tinker” intently working over a worm eaten time piece, whilst his “hale old wife” pours some question of interest into his ear, closely observed by the damsel in plain homespun, and by the bashful swain, looking as though life or death, to him, depended upon the colloquy going on at the table. It was only a repetition of what has transpired thousands of times in well regulated families—the reference of a “popped question” from the hanger on at the gate to the “powers that be”—a mere matter of form, good for nothing unless pa’pa comes down with a pleasant affirmation and a commensurate pile of *dust*.

Plumes.

Away down in the south-western corner of the building was a small court of South African exhibits attracting but little attention, and yet it contained bugs and beetles and birds of rare beauty, as well as grains, and animals that had passed through the hands of the taxidermist; but the most pleasing thing to Obed was a nest of ostrich eggs, from the center of which waved a *plume* of several feathers of gigantic proportions. As he stood contemplating these and the natural history of their parentage, remembering that Uncle Sam pays only \$10,000,000 annually for this single product to please the fancy of his fair daughters, he exclaimed, "Cheap enough for the transfer of so much beauty from the tail of one bird to the head of another."

Machinery Hall.

Five hundred feet away from the Main Building stood Machinery Hall. Of its wonders none can tell. Its wealth of devices in wood and stone, in iron and brass, in copper and bronze; in science and art, in literature and aesthetics; for peace and war, for air and earth, and under the earth; for making toys and constructing locomotives, was an over-

whelmingly eloquent sermon on, "But man has sought out many inventions." To but one of its lessons can Obed refer, the most impressive of them all, the climax of the Exposition, the

"Corliss Engine."

Before this he stood in wonder and astonishment; around it again and again he walked admiring the symmetry of its proportions, the completeness of its workmanship, and the perfect uniformity of its motion, sustaining and vivifying the mechanical *world* around. Then his mind ran back to the opening day of the Exposition. The oration had been pronounced, the venerable Whittier had read his simple "Song of a Hundred Years," the Orchestra had thundered forth its grand Anthem, General Grant had delivered his characteristic speech, "I now declare the Exposition open," when the grand procession, headed by the President and the Empress of Brazil, followed immediately by Dom Pedro and Mrs. Grant, and made up of the wealth, refinement and enterprise of many lands, began its triumphal march amid the gorgeous display of the Main Building. The Hall reached, all was silent and motionless as the grave. The saw-

yer stood at his buzz; the weaver stood by his loom and the spinner at her "Jenny;" the "Editor" sat in his sanctum;" the pressman stood at his form, and the devil, ink pot in hand;—all over the vast building every artisan was, statue-like, in his place. On the procession moved amid the universal quietude until the Engine was reached. Then a plain unpretending man, stepping down, assisted the Empress and Mrs. Grant to a place on the platform and stationed their husbands at the respective valves of the Engine. When all was ready, turning to the Emperor, he said, "Your highness will please turn that crank," and immediately the ponderous beam above began to move, then turning to the President, "Your Excellency will please turn that crank," and no sooner had he who had commanded from Donaldson to Appomattox, obeyed, than thirteen miles of shafting was in harmonious motion, and *fourteen acres* of operatives were busy at their respective avocations. Never was there a grander sight, or a more impressive lesson than when, in presence of the educated, the honored, the elite of two hemispheres, dignity, heroism and royalty, did the bidding of a simple American mechanic. Never since the Master said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," has labor been so dignified as when Emperor

and President did the bidding of Geo. H. Corliss upon the platform of the *Titan* of the Exhibition.

State Buildings.

If there is any advantage in advertising, Kansas has had it from the days of the "Omnibus Bill," down to the time of the "Exodus," in her "bleeding," her "Ossawatimic," whose

"Soul goes marching on,"

in her grasshoppers, her tornadoes, her land schemes; but nowhere better than in her Centennial exhibit, a very exposition in itself.

Joining with her sister of "bug" notoriety, they placed upon the grounds a building suited to a display of their air, soil, water, and mines; and this display they made to the satisfaction of everybody, particularly themselves. Entering the building, the first thing that attracted attention was "Independence Bell," constructed from Kansas grain by Kansas fingers, its gourd clapper of such dimensions as would have made Jonah's eyes water could he have seen it when his own vine withered away; then came corn stalks well calculated for "Liberty poles," and these were loaded with "ears" any one of which would have afforded an ample meal of "succotash" for an old time family. The wheats,

oats, barleys, grapes, fruits, and timbers, were simply enormous, and as the Commissioner expatiated on the rapidity of their growth, Obed thought how useless a time-piece in such a land, where the flight of the hours might be marked by the inches of vegetable growth.

At the left of the main entrance was the Colorado display. Here were ores of the precious metals, and metals not so precious; coals, and building stones, but most imposing of all, the *menagerie* of Mrs. Maxwell, "Huntress of the West," the most artistically arranged collection of animals, birds and reptiles upon the grounds; so life-like, indeed, as almost to make one imagine himself among the living realities in the fastness of their mountain homes.

Passing along "State Avenue," Obed could but bestow a passing glance upon the buildings of the different States. Here was the unique house built by the "Canucks," speaking volumes for Canada's rich resources in lumber and timber. A little farther along was the more imposing building of California, displaying her beautiful myrtles and other lumber and rich products, to fine advantage; and then came the mystic "Mississippi Home," with the long mosses suspended from its eaves.

The Connecticut building was the home of Obed's cousins. As he passed across the yard he refreshed himself with a draught from

"The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well"

Entering he was permitted to regale himself upon the savory odors of a wooden ham seasoned with nutmeg made from a bough of the "Charter Oak," slowly cooking over a fire ignited from a spark struck from a horn flint.

Some state buildings were more imposing, others more unique, but none were so gratifying to the eye of Obed as that of Ohio. Passing through the office and general lounge room, he finally drew up in the "Parlor." Here he saw the veritable apron which the great Father of his country used to wear after he was permitted to see "more light," and to go in and out with the "craft" from "labor" to "refreshment." The great question was settled. Truthful George did step within the "Mystic Brotherhood," and however it may be with those who "ride the goat" in these degenerate days, certain it is that Washington always met upon the "level," and parted upon the "square."

Without any disparagement to either "Empire" or "Keystone" there was an honest pride in the

heart of Obed as he contemplated the "Buckeye" building, showing as it did the varied building resources of his native state; and remembering her rich agricultural and other products he penciled in his memorandum,

"From her lake that bears bold Indian name
Away to the "Beautiful" river,
There is naught of the earth, and naught of the air,
But praises the Bountiful Giver.
In her forests are choicest ribblings of oak,
Her streams furnish glorious fishing ;
Then her highlands yield wheat, her lowlands give corn,
By our only properly wishing.
She has iron in store, and coal even more,
And the lime that's used in the "pigging ;"
Not a man in all her borders need want,
If he's only the "grit" to "keep digging."
As her fathers are men of a right worthy sort,
So their wives are with goodness a-brimming ;
And her boys, full of true American blood,
Have fair sisters not given to "trimming."
Of our dear Uncle Sam she's becoming the pet,
And of "Presidents," bids to be "Mother ;"
Yet she bears her rich laurels in manner so meek,
As not e'en to offend any other "

United States Department. . .

The General Government did not forget to put itself on record in a special building where Uncle

Sam might exhibit himself. This he did, in part by marching out his soldiers and marines of every period of the Republic, and Obed went on a tour of "inspection." He found *Jack Tar* and his lineal descendants, from the days of Paul Jones to the noble boys who made up the Castor-Oil Fleet, ready to tip the tarpanlin or strike for

"A home on the rolling deep,"

as duty might require. Troopers and infantry, sharp shooters and artillery men, had alike reported for duty; old Revolutionary, patriot of 1812, hero of Mexico, and boy in blue, artificially done, all were there. Old musket, flint-lock rifle, and "Springfield;" horse pistol and seven shooter; twelve pounder, mortar, "Paxhan" and "Needle Gun," all said "Here we are; take us."

The war power of the country, past and present, was only a tythe of the features of interest. Many things brought from the Departments at Washington were on exhibition. Many relics of the Revolution were to be seen; among them several brass and other cannons presented to the country by La Fayette. These *pounders* of the olden time contrasted strangely with the modern field pieces around them, and when he remembered the service they did the country, as did also the gallant

young Frenchman, at whose command they *uttered their voice of thunder* in favor of American liberty, the feelings of Obed became almost reverential, and he pitied the man who did not give way to his feelings in presence of these, of the old "First Flag," the chair of "Old Hickory" and the "camp chest" of Washington.

The Woman's Pavilion.

This building was the conception and property of ladies. Here the women of the country made a fine display of their genius, and daily exhibited their mechanical and manufacturing skill. Sewing machines, knitters, looms for laces and other fine fabrics, were to be seen in great abundance, many of them in active operation. Here were many articles of goods such as ladies are specially interested in, and with most bewitching smiles, the fair venders importuned Obed to buy, and how could he resist, for the ladies had already liberally patronized "Ah Sin" and "Abdel Sheik?"

When they had gazed their fill on veils, laces, shawls, ribbons, embroideries, bonnets, dolls, robes, and other products of female handicraft, and had patronized a red hot candy stand, Obed called a po-

liceman to show them the "Whistle." This little object, a marvel in its line, was the work of a New England lass, who cruelly withheld her person, and even her name from the *interviewing* world, and Obed, so far as he knows, was the only one so fortunate as to obtain a photograph of the fair artist. This lady



The Whistle Artist.

had taken all the poetry out of a time-honored adage, by actually wringing a pig's tail without destroying the curl, and giving, as the result of her

ingenuity, a veritable whistle, to which was appended this Byronic verse :

“There’s a proverb wide known,
As Scotland’s famed thistle,
That out of a pig’s tail, you
Can’t make a whistle ;
We believe we’ve accomplished
That wonderful thing,
And those who do wish to
May make this tail sing,”

and Obed tried it to

“The girl I left behind me,”

with admirable success.

In the New England Kitchen.

Obed had heard of the “New England Kitchen,” and as may very well be supposed, was desirous of seeing for himself how his ancestors formerly, and his, to him, unseen cousins, still live, so in his early rambles about the grounds he took in the “Kitchen,” of course. It was just as he had expected. The double log-frame house with its chimneys set without and the broad open fire place within; the little yard in front with its *posies* such as our mothers loved before the days of hot houses

and importations of flowers, the morning glory, the 'stertion, the touch-me-not, and the holly hock, with here and there a plant of more useful kind, as a beet or a cabbage. To Obed, with his old time notions, these things were pleasant, and as he saw placed in great letters above the doorway "Welcome to all," he entered, and as he had done a thousand times in the days of his boyhood in his Western home, seated himself on the rustic seat under the "stoop" for grateful rest.

For a time the mind of Obed was busy with the memories of other days—of days long gone when he gathered in the cool of the summer evening with father and mother, brothers and sisters with whom he will gather about the doorway no more in the evening time, but with whom he hopes to meet about "the great white throne," and listen to stories of New England times and customs, and of a six week's journey through an almost pathless wilderness to "New Connecticut." Of such things Obed mused until his reverie was broken, and the "latch string" being out he arose and entered. Obed entered the "Kitchen."

There, just as he had expected, was the great "family room" with its broad, grateful fire place, over which hung the apples and the pumpkins to

dry; the big wheel stood by the front window, with Aunt Phebe by its side trying to untangle the yarn which Jedediah had unwittingly tangled; the old rifle and powder horn hung from their hooks on the wall; the “pewter platters” were in their appropriate places on the shelf; the old family Bible with long s’s lay upon the stand, and by its side the well thumbed hymn book which many a time at the family altar, at church, and when loved ones have been laid away, has furnished words for “Mear,” “Coronation,” and “Old Hundred;” pennyroyal, cat-nip, and boneset, hung drying from the rafters; corn was braided and hung up for the next year’s use, and the twins were asleep in the cradle, whilst “Jowler” and “Tabby” were quietly dozing in the shade. As Obed looked around on all these things, and the many others that were about him, he thought of the time when, snugly “tucked up” in the bed in the corner, he would quietly raise his head to see how “sparking” was done, as his sisters, older than himself, sat with their beaux by the dimly burning fire. It was naughty for him to do so, but Obed was a *boy*. Then he remembered how he disliked to apply himself at the old “dasher churn,” and how he enjoyed the ‘apple bees’—for just a few minutes, and then longed for the games

of “hide-and-seek,” “button,” and “snap-and-catch-them.” Obed remembered all these.

But a police-man said, “Move on,” and Obed moved—moved to the bed room, where was the old bed whose clothes did service six generations ago, and whose testers stood as of old, while the ancient curtains fell gracefully abo it them. Aunt Doritha was here, mild as a matron born, and pointed out to Obed the looking glass before which her great-grand-mother’s aunt’s great-grand-father’s wife’s husband used to shave himself, and a little wheel on which was spun two hundred years ago any yarn but “street yarn.” Here, too, Obed met Tabitha Spriggins, of Sprigginsville, relict of Obediah Spriggins, she that was a Bumpus. As she had done for the last sixty years, widow Spriggins was diligently plying her needle, never forgetting to stop at frequent intervals, tap her snuff box and mention some good quality or deed of the long departed Obediah. Obed would gladly have dropped some words of consolation in her ear, but circumstances forbade, and he passed on. Obed passed on with a feeling of sadness for the once fair Bumpus.

Experiencing a feeling of “*goucness*,” Obed went to the wicket where Dolly sat as a receiver of custom, and bargained for a *quarter* for a “New England

lunch." And he ate his bread, butter, and berries, drank his tea, and was satisfied. Not so with some finely dressed ladies who sat at the table with him. They ate, grumbled, and slyly filled their pockets with doughnuts. And Obed said to himself, "You cannot always tell the character of a person by the clothes he wears." This from long experience is Obed's belief.

And Obed watched Patience, and Huldah, and Prudence, dressed in their simple attire, with tidy caps and graceful ruffles, and he thought of the time when Jonathan, and Hezekiah, and 'Zekiel should bashfully come and take these to themselves, leaving Diana, and Kesia in "single blessedness," still to grace the "old New England home," for Obed has heard it said that it is not complete without a maiden auntie or two—and he said 'tis good to have maiden aunts; many shall arise and call them blessed.

And Obed left the "Kitchen," glad that he had been there—glad that it had been put on the ground, thus connecting the old with the new. Obed believes in holding on to the old land marks that connect us with our fathers. If we forsake New England institutions, where shall we be found?

In Agricultural Hall.

Refreshed with sleep and invigorated by a hearty breakfast, Obed was ready for a day of real Centennial work. Having been reared on a farm he naturally gravitated to Agricultural Hall. His first impression was that he was at a trial of mowing machines, for on entering he was greeted with a view of *Kirby, Buckeye, Champion, Excelsior*, and a host of others, some with, others without reaper attachments, but all in vigorous motion, doing their best—doing their best in Agricultural Hall without a thing to cut. As he gazed about on these highly finished products of American ingenuity, Obed thought of the time when “Armstrong’s” was the only available machine, and then in his imagination he saw the long rows of them that used to gather in the early morning, of the days “lang syne,” in the great meadows and after a brisk tune *ground* out of “Quennebogs,” commence that stately swing than which none was ever more graceful. Again Obed heard the voice of the father as he said, “Keep down your *hul* boys, and tend to your *pointing out* ;” again he beheld the *double swath* ; again he engaged in the *run* ; again he heard the shout that arose when the leader’s scythe was

“grassed.” And Obed sighed for the good old days, for he always loved the hang of a scythe—the hang of a scythe in an apple tree and a seat in the shade with the ten o’clock lunch spread before him.

Obed passed among the *Thrashers* and remembered the solemn music the sturdy farmer was wont to make, as flail in hand, he brought down the swingel on the golden grain, and the gay times the boys enjoyed as they rode *Buck* and *Berry* around the great barn floor to get the *grist tramped out* for to-morrow’s *milling*.

Among the bright steel plows and well wrought sub-soilers, Obed met a genuine specimen of “’76,” an old time plow, with wooden *mould board* which some one had thought to bring in to contrast with the implements of “these degenerate days.” As he surveyed it he said, “’Tis well; the age of iron is better than the age of wood, at least in the age of plows.” Thus Obed said, and passed rapidly on from one class of agricultural implements to another, ever finding some strong points of contrast between the old and the new, furnishing rich fields for reflection.

Obed could not content himself with a view of agricultural implements only, found in the great Hall devoted to their display. There were a thous-

s

and objects demanding attention, to many of these he paid his respects. He stood among ice-cream freezers and heard their respective merits discussed until his temperature fell below the sweating point; then he went up to view the old wind-mill with its ponderous wings, speaking their volumes of other times, and other men. Here was a display of canned fruit, put up by a patent process, making Obed's mouth water, at the very sight, but then between the snowy white pears and him there was strong glass, and Obed tasted not. A little way off he espied a very fine ox, and having an eye for the bovine, he hastened to a close inspection. It was of a dark red color, and weighed 3,200 pounds. It was a very quiet ox, and Obed was pleased at its extreme docility. Though the flies buzzed about, it switched not its tail; and as the ladies waved their parasols in front of it to point out the singular intelligence protrayed in the *high* forehead, it never winked. Then Obed observed it had a *glass* eye, and he said, "'Tis only *stuffed*—stuffed for the Centennial." After this he observed many exhibits of stuffing—stuffing incidents not to this country only, but to foreign lands. He visited the department of fishes. A few swam in aquariums, but most were stuffed, fishes, turtles, seals and whales. "Old

Abe" was there proud as when in the hour of battle, he perched above the brave Wisconsin boys. No other bird fluttered. All were stuffed. In the distance Obed saw some fine "Chester Whites" looking as though just ready to grunt with hoggish satisfaction. On close inspection he found they too had glass eyes and weighed 500 pounds, stuffed. And he said, "This is an age of stuffing."

As he walked on he saw many fine specimens of the lands that did not admit of anything artificial. He gazed with delight on the great "cotton pavilion" of Brazil, and the rich grains and fruits of the "Empire" in grand display beneath it; on the woods and dyes, and gums of all South America; upon all varied mineral and animal resources. Mexico was there with all her mahogany, her indigo, and cactuses in abundance. There were pines and furs from British Columbia and Labrador, and the works of Indian artificers from the frozen North. And Obed musing said these lands are but the suburbs of "Uncle Sam"—suburbs of Uncle Sam. In the great day of *Reform* when we get turtle soup from Cuba, they will be *our* turtles; when we have killed all the Blackfeet and Sioux, and war with the Dog-ribs, they will be *our* Indians; when our colleges hold their regattas of the "Horn," it will be

our Horn. And Obed saw that all the nations had worked with a will to fill Agricultural Hall with the things that go to show national wealth and power, and he was glad, for it speaks of the approach of that day when swords shall be beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks; and when nations shall learn war no more. To Obed it speaks of these things.

In Brewers' Hall.

Obed had heard of Brewers' Hall, had read somewhat of the protestations uttered against having the alcoholic brand of Columbian industry represented at the Centennial. In fact, he was in full accord with the prohibition sentiment on that point, hence he approached the hall with anything but feelings of enthusiasm. The exterior was very plain, and there was little about it to attract attention. A few nicely trained hop vines, and "Brewers' Hall," in bold letters, indicated its purpose. As he was there to have a peep at everything about the Centennial, he hesitated not to enter.

Great was his surprise, for instead of the dirty appearance, sour atmosphere, bloated faces and bleary eyes he expected to encounter, everything was tidy

in the extreme. The air was full of pleasant odors, and a more agreeable set of men, with frank, open countenances, one could not find on the grounds. So pre-eminently true was this, that order reigned without policeman's aid. All were very communicative with regard to their exhibit, its arrangement and design.

The first thing that attracted Obed's attention was the "steeping cisterns" filled with steaming barley going through the first step preparatory to the foaming mug. When he had gazed his fill on these he passed to the "couching floor," dusted and clean as a lady's parlor, and beheld the great piles of steeped grain giving out their fruity aroma; then came the "drying" and "sifting" departments, and everywhere his questions were answered with so much courtesy and candor that Obed's prejudices against the building began to give way, and he viewed the "grinding" and "mashing," the "drawing off," "boiling" and "straining" of the "wort," the processes of the "gyle tuns," and finally the placing of the "yeasted liquid" in casks "to work itself clear," with enthusiastic satisfaction. Nor was his visit to the "storage rooms" less enjoyable than his passage through the manufacturing department.

In his onward course Obed was presented with a copy of "Essays on the Malt Liquor Question," from a cursory glance at which he learned that many excellent men endorse the use of *ales* and *beers*, and that the manufacture of these in the home of Columbia alone gives employment to more than 35,000 men, at an annual expense of \$14,000,000, and that it pays to the government an annual tax of \$9,000,000. As he looked, and talked, and read, his faith in extreme temperance was shaken. Obed's faith was shaken.

Having become separated from his companions before his survey of the hall began, and the day being now well spent, Obed thought to seek his hotel by the nearest way, so bidding his new-made friends good day, he hastened to the eastern doorway, intending to take a winding pathway through the beautiful grove between the grounds and the Schuylkill. On reaching the threshold, instead of the beautiful scenery he had anticipated there greeted him a broad, open highway, stretching away from the very base of the building, far as the eye could reach. As Obed stood gazing at this unexpected sight, four richly caparisoned steeds, drawing a stately plumed hearse, issued from a doorway beneath him. In the hearse was placed an

elaborately carved casket, decked with flowers, intertwined in the national colors, and the mourners, as they came in their carriages, appeared of the highest respectability. Following this came a hearse less richly adorned, yet speaking well for the position of its occupant. Then there was a plain country wagon with its white pine coffin, and in close proximity there followed a mule cart, bearing a still ruder box, marked—

“Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.”

As Obed gazed in astonishment, team after team, ever varying in appearance, emerged from beneath the Hall, each bearing its encoffined freight, until the head of the procession was lost in the distance, notwithstanding the number that had turned aside at city cemetery, village church yard, or at the potters' field.

As he stood wondering what all this could mean, suddenly there stood beside him a pleasant looking female who, pointing to the procession said, “Wonder not; these are the forms of some of those who ‘seek mixed wine.’ The first hearse you saw, bore away the form of a man who had been the Governor of a State, and had occupied a position in the highest council of the nation. Multitudes,

delighted, have listened to his utterances of patriotic eloquence. But stronger than his love of reputation, country, home, was his passion for strong drink, though he acknowledged it not. You have seen the result.

“Another bore the remains of a merchant who had handled sums untold, and whose business capacity was measured only by his power of endurance. Those who were borne off in the humbler manner have many of them left families in abject poverty.

“There was one casket upon which you looked with peculiar interest. Its garlands of flowers and elaborate decorations covered the form of a once beautiful and gifted mother. Unfortunately she learned to love wine at her father’s table, and the appetite strengthened with her years. Yesterday, to the world, she died of *general nervous prostration*, but to those who had seen her in her besotted condition in her own parlor, the true cause was apparent. Everybody knows that the poor hod carrier died drunk. All these that you see are the victims of intemperance, mostly begun in the use of mild beverages.”

As the procession moved on, Obed ventured to inquire how long this thoroughfare had existed.

“These many years,” replied the genius; “it began in the days of Noah. Day and night it has been thus thronged, so many are they who ‘look upon the wine,’ and regale themselves on sparkling ales.” “Here he is,” exclaimed a familiar voice—the vision was gone, and Obed was joined by Mrs. Obed and her friend. As they hurried down the winding footpath, the groves were rich in diamonds gleaned from a recent shower, and every fruit and flower around them was redolent of praise. But despite all these and the gay chatting of the ladies, the thoughts of Obed were of *Brewers’ Hall*, and the *fruits* of the great industry it represents. Thus he mused: “Thirty-five thousand men furnished with employment, and four hundred thousand thereby rendered homeless; \$14,000,000 paid in wages, and \$100,000,000 expended in ale houses, that should go for home comforts, where now is squalid poverty; \$9,000,000 paid in revenue, against \$45,000,000 spent in criminal prosecutions growing out of the use of ardent spirits, to say nothing of the millions more required to support reformatory and other institutions, which, but for this one cause, would be all unneeded.”

The “Opinions and Facts from Eminent Physicians, Chemists and others in favor of *Ale* and *Beer*

as light wholesome beverages," and the order and tidiness of Brewers' Hall became as mockery to Obed, in view of the 60,000 who go down annually to drunkards' graves and the 600,000 regular recruits who rush on to fill up the depleted ranks, to say nothing of the unmeasured wretchedness of body and soul continually enshrouding them.

When Obed laid his head upon his pillow that night, it was with a renewed consecration of himself to the ever safe principles of total abstinence. In these he sees the only safe course.

Memorial Hall.

Having read of that far off wedding at which they ran out of grape juice and were so miraculously supplied, that they had the "Best of the wine at the last of the feast," and remembering that in all well regulated families they present the choicest viands at the close of the meal, the Obeds reserved Memorial Hall for their last survey, and a glorious one it was. Passing up the flight of steps from the Avenue of the Republic to the main entrance, they stopped a moment to gaze upon the monster figures of Pegassus, stationed on either hand, which, with Bellerophon ready for the mounting, possessed enough

of the mythological to carry the mind back to the time when the gods sported with the daughters of men, and the marvellous was much less impotent than now. Looking up as if to catch a glimpse of "flying horses" in the air, Obed saw Columbia winking at him from the dome of the Hall as much as to say, "No time for those old sportings in my land," and he passed on, bestowing a passing glance upon the "Dying lioness" in her majestic agony.

Once within the Hall, all the world beside was shut out,—shut out as completely as it is of a Sabbath morning when the pastor asks the prayers of the people, whilst he draws the gospel bow at a *renture*, letting the arrows mostly fly in directions where there is no game. Here was the group, "America leading the Nations," just then and there very suggestive, though not remarkable for artistic beauty. Then there was Washington magnificently chiselled by an Italian artist. As he gazed upon that benign countenance, Obed thought of the many representations of the great man, he had seen in different Courts, *done* by the artists of every land, some on canvas, others in terra cotta or the more beautiful and enduring marble. A German had given him all the buoyancy of lager beer inspiration, Andalusian swarthinness spoke the Spanish

pencil, whilst an enthusiastic genius of the Emerald Isle had curled his lip as if just ready to say, "Begorrah, sir." "Well, they are not much to be blamed for their covetousness, after all," mused Obed, "for no nation but ours has looked upon his like." Over against Washington, in strange contrast, was the great Prussian Premier—all German,—all Bismark.

Leaving the vestibule, the courts and passage ways were found literally filled with works of art,—works of pen and pencil, brush and chisel. Here were several figures chiseled from the cold marble with rich drapery falling about them, and such beautiful veils—veils of marble lace—covering the face. Everything was so natural that the Obeds, in common with the multitude, stopped and gave vent to their satisfaction in many a "How curious?" "O dear," and "My stars." Just a little way along there was a fine collection mostly exhumed from buried cities and castles of sunny Italy. Busts of warriors, poets, statesmen and emperors stood boldly forth, some uncrowned others crowned with myrtle or royal diadems. There were busts of women,—Roman mothers of days long departed, whose noble daring in instances not a few, saved the Imperial City from anarchy and destruction. There was one with

which Obed was particularly struck. It was of a matron of noble brow and sparkling eye; but alas, that without which there is no beauty was gone—some vandal hand had broken her nose. As he remembered his many lady acquaintances whom he has seen in the like painful condition, the query naturally arose, “Was it the denial of a new dress; refusal of attendance upon the theater, or had she failed to receive the last *Bazaar*?” But there was none to answer, and Obed passed on and stood before the bronze figure of a negro, bearing aloft in one hand the Proclamation which brought freedom to four millions of his race, whilst from the wrist of the other dropped the shackles that had so long shut them out from every endearment of citizenship. Every lineament was radiant with gladness, such as only an African can express, and as he thought of the myriads of “Lor ’bless Massa Linkum,” that have gone up from sable lips, Obed mused, “If we can not say of the martyred President as we do of the great leader of the Revolution, ‘First in war, first in peace, and first in the heart of his countrymen,’ we may justly claim for him the title of ‘Shepherd of his People,’ and perpetually intertwine his name and his fame with that of the ‘Father of his Country.’”

A short distance from the "Battle of Gettysburg," so historic in its completeness, appeared what, to patriotic thousands, was *the* painting of the Exhibition—Willard's "Yankee Doodle." Not that it was so perfect a piece of art, perhaps, as some, as many others, but then the memories of a hundred years were centered on a few square feet of canvas. As he gazed on the dismounted cannon, the old man "Yankee," with sleeves rolled up, collar thrown back, waist coat and heavy hair alike streaming in the wind; at his deserted team and plow, standing in the furrow; upon musicians—man and boy—catching the inspiration of his manner, as, with the instrument of the fallen fifer, he led the little band of heroes fearlessly to the charge, Obed exclaimed, "'Those were the days that tried men's souls,' and there were men and women, too, with souls to be tried," he rejoiced that among them was a Captain Goodin, that he was the owner of a pony and a cap, and that he procured that wonderful feather which is known and honored the world over.

Americans were not the only ones who looked with satisfaction upon that picture. As Obed stood gazing, "Chee-when" suddenly broke upon his ear, and a regular pigtail was swinging in his face, as

the disciple of Confucius enthusiastically exclaimed, "Amencanee, blowee goodee." "Mine Gott," said a rotund German; but Obed could catch no more, for just then he was thrust irresistably aside by an impetuous son of the Land of St. Patrick, whose sentiments welled over in the following strain, "Arah, bedad! bad luck, bad luck to the Bull who meddles with that Doodle."

Passing by "Playing Possum," a game which many bipeds in all lands play as successfully as our American marsupial, and other subjects that would extend these Reminiscences over many pages, a single mention more must bring them to a close. Early in their visit a friend had informed the Obeds of a painting he was particularly anxious they should see, but for the finding, of which, as the sequel showed, he had given improper directions. It was that of an artist past middle life, whose wife had long been dead. After her decease his whole soul centered in two charming daughters, who grew up beneath his watchful care. Then the father painted her as paying him and the remaining one an angelic visit. This little story particularly excited the interest of Mrs. Obed and her friend who are at times especially impressible by anything that partakes, even remotely, of the supernatural. Day

after day, whilst in Memorial Hall, dilligent search was made for this gem of affection, but all in vain. But a half hour remained. Obed set out on one more desperate hunt, which was soon crowned with success. There was the benign artist, simply clad maiden with arms folded about him, and the sister spirit floating in the air. He hastened back and soon the ladies stood before the canvas so much sought. No sooner did his wife cast her eye upon it than she exclaimed, "Why Obed, you great goose, that is Abraham preparing to offer Isaac." Obed looked up, and sure enough, like the Father of the Faithful he had failed to see the ram in the thicket until the very last moment. There was a rush for the train, a gathering of satchels, and soon the "Centennial," to the Obeds, was among the things which were.

Obed, as Youngest Son.

Obed had the honor of being the youngest son of his mother. This fact he learned from the family record, and from many varied experiences. To be the youngest son in a family, when there are several brothers and sisters older and sisters younger, is to occupy at once a position of honor, trust, and re-

sponsibility. This position was Obed's; hence his name, for Obed was a *servant* of all. He was, and many a youngest son who reads this history will know how to sympathize with him. It was not only his, as soon as he could toddle, to do all the little errandings for papa and mama, to bring them slippers and water, cane and spectacles, and all other things with the bearing of which they "delighted to honor him," but to perform the work that had formerly been parceled out among older hands. "Let Obed pick up the chips;" "Let Obed bring in the wood;" Let Obed churn;" "Let Obed feed the chickens," soon became household expressions. And he did all these. Those were the days when laws were loose, fences poor, and the highways *long pastures*, and Obed chased the pigs from the garden, the cows from the corn, the horses from the meadow, whilst the big boys hallooed, "Run, Obed, run." He carried water to the field, and lunch to the harvest, whilst those sturdy fellows *rested*. Obed "Hoed the boy's row." Had that been all he would not complain. But then in the absence of the "powers that be" in family government, those elder boys assumed special rights, and applied the birch; and the grown upsisters exercised dictatorial powers, and enforced them with a broom upon poor Obed.

But why recount.

"'Tis the old, old story," not of the "blessed cross," but of the cross that all youngest sons have borne since long before Joseph was thrown into the pit, and Benjamin was accused of stealing silver. Those early experiences have always caused Obed to have great sympathy for Abel, poor fellow! He never sees the youngest son suffering from the taunts of older brothers and sisters, but he thinks there is still something of *Cainishness* left as indicative of the fall. Still, for all this, he would not have it inferred that all youngest sons are "righteous Abels." Obed would not.

The youngest son occupies a glorious position for vexing the older members of the family and teasing the younger, and if there is any *gimp* in him he is sure to exercise a retaliating hand. But Obed forbears to divulge, for the halcyon days of *long* families among Yankees has passed, never to return. None shall hereafter have to regret that he is the third or fourth son, much less the *seventh*. Such institutions are now very unfashionable. What use for a whole troop of rollicking brothers and sisters tumbling over hay mows, nest *hunting*, making mud pies, or engaging in the thousand and one other pastimes formerly in vogue among children. Obed

has observed that such things, by the *best families*, are now considered very vulgar. Better, far better, to have the affection that was formerly spread out over a dozen, concentrated in one frail and fur-belowed little dear with kid slippers, done up in band-box style. Then the youngest son has no tribulations. He gets his share of the patrimony.

But Obed remembers his tribulations as things of the past. The wrongs, whether real or fancied, which he experienced from those older than himself were long since forgiven, and his own acts of annoyance are no doubt forgotten. Some of them certainly are, for those on whom they were practiced are sleeping, silently sleeping, and Obed will vex them no more. Thirty and nine years ago the family of which Obed is a member, all gathered around the "old family hearth" for the last time. The oldest sister was given away, as many another oldest sister has been, amid tears and jests, sighs and gladness, of which Obed then had but little conception, but now he comprehends them. Five of that happy throng are not, and of the five remaining, Obed is still the youngest son, with no sister to look up and call him "Brother." When, after years of separation, they occasionally meet in their far sundered homes in sets of twos, or at most threes,

each shows marks of time and labor, and none thinks to bid Obed do this or do that; but he is fondly cherished as the youngest left of that home of other days. Then it is that he says, “Who would not be the youngest son, that a father and a mother may lean on him last of all, and that brothers and sisters as they pass into the evening time, may look back and bestow on him their benedictions!” Then it is that the sensations that prevade the breast of Obed are blessed. To him they are blessed.



The Fulfillment of Scripture, p. 40.

A GREENBACK MEETING.

A Greenback meeting to be addressed by the Hon. Patrick O'Leary, was advertised to come off at Tunket's Corners, and as Obed had never attended anything of the kind, he decided to go. A pleasant drive of an hour with a "fiat" friend, and the Corners were reached. The school house was full and who should be called to the chair but Sam Jones, whom Obed knew in 1840 as a staunch young Jackson Democrat, present, with a clear voice, wherever a hickory pole was to be raised, or an ash one to be cut down. Through all the intervening years Obed knows he has adhered to the better phases of the party, but recently a mortgage on his farm has caused him to see "light" in the pure green of the new party. On the front seat sat Deacon Williams, who drove a "log cabin team" in the great "hard cider campaign," and cast his first ballot for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," really be-

lieving that it was a sure guaranty that he should ever after eat "roast beef" and receive "two dollars a day" for his labor. Good, clever soul! he has been tossed about by every new political doctrine, and Obed was not surprised to see him receiving this last as the laboring man's real "New Testament." A hasty glance over the audience convinced Obed that the Joneses and Williamses present were not a few.



*The HON. PATRICK O'LEARY,
in his great speech at Tunket's Corners, preparing to read from the Fi-
nancial Policy of John Law, but of which he forgot to give the conse-
quences.*

The meeting organized, the Hon. Patrick proceeded to depict the woes of the laboring classes, the indignities heaped upon them and the wrongs that are weighing them down. As a workingman, Obed began to feel deeply interested: he perceived that a great mistake was made when it was said, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread." Obed felt it was a great mistake. The bloated bondholder was mercilessly execrated, then spitted and held writhing over "his own place" until O'Leary was satisfied; and Obed felt that the punishment was but just for one who had so little regard for the rights of his fellow men. He was really astonished that he had lived so many years unconscious of the amount of suffering and wrong there is in the world. Obed was astonished. But he had little time for reflection, for the speaker fully warmed to his theme, and amid the wildest enthusiasm, went on to show the rights, the duties, and the powers of the government in the premises. Money was made plenty, all men became instinctively industrious; every available acre of the public domain was converted into a garden; tramps were only known in the few fossils exhumed in the prosecution of public works; monopolies became evanescent; capitalists, conscience smitten at their long

course of tyranny, hid themselves from the public gaze, and Congress became a body of apostolic purity—all this would be if the people only proved true to themselves and the new party.

The speaker closed ; the meeting adjourned, and Jones and Williams seized Obed by the hands and asked if he was not now persuaded. His reply was, "Almost persuaded." Thus Obed replied.

The ride home was a thoughtful one. Obed was not quite sure that the Greenbackers are not more than half right, and he vowed to investigate the subject carefully. Throwing himself upon his couch, he was soon in that land into which Cain entered six thousand years ago, and its revelations were wonderful. The sky was arched with 1880; the people were all alive with excitement; the great political parties massed themselves for the contest; the working men flung to the breeze "Butler and Victory," and everywhere inscribed on their banners might be seen, "Give us Greenbacks," "Down with the Bondholder" "Equal Chances for All," and such like devices. Against these "Honest Money" and "Plighted Faith" could make but little headway, and at the appointed time the party in power stepped gracefully down, and honest men, men of the people, ascended to their places.

All this Obed saw, and much more. In his hour of triumph Benjamin remembered his friends, the friends of the people. Samuel received the Portfolio; to Walter was confided the keys of the Treasury, whilst Dennis was made master of the Interior, and La Matyr was commissioned "Adjuster of Moral Ballast."

The venerable Cooper looked on and wept for joy whilst the new government was organized, and when the great "Fiat Mills" began their work he clapped his hands in very gladness, as did the millions who had waited for this auspicious moment.

Congress was true to the platform of the party. That the people might have labor, untold internal improvements were voted; that corporate enterprise might be stimulated, charters were granted for the carrying out of many important enterprises, as the organization of a hose company for utilizing Niagara Falls in irrigating Utah and Nevada; another for constructing ice cream grottos in the National Park, and one for applying the northern lights to general illuminating purposes; that individual enterprise and genius might not go unrewarded, boot blacks were paid five cents extra for a "shine;" inventors received heavy premiums on their patents, and all

writers of poetry and novels were granted annuities for life; that the government might be known as liberal in its moral relations, marble fountains were set up in all beer gardens; church debts were everywhere cancelled, and ten millions of dollars were invested in searching for the "lost link" in the Development Theory; that human suffering might be alleviated, all step-children were granted excursion tickets on the fourth of July, and to attend all animal shows, and every man having a mother-in-law residing within twenty-five miles, was granted an annual pension of \$1,000. Thus the people were blessed, and Obed saw they were happy.

The popular will had triumphed; the true secret of government, hidden for six thousand years, had been discovered; capitalists stood abashed; hard money advocates were few and in the background; business was brisk; speculation sought new opportunities; day laborers bought corner lots; school boys left their books and dealt in stocks; Bridget's back presented a rare display of millinery goods; Paris was lost sight of in the brilliancy of our national capital: the country was supplied with every luxury; matrimonial alliances were made only near home: and when the mortal coil was shuffled off, glass caskets with gold mountings, only,



The Deacon in Luck.

were in demand. And why not? The great function of the government is to create money; and this the government was doing.

Jones paid off his mortgage and invested a million dollars in the "Hose Company." The Deacon was in luck. In a state of ecstatic rapture he seized Obed's hand exclaiming, "Didn't I tell you so, old boy?" And how could Obed demur? He couldn't.

There were some things, however, that appeared a little strange. Obed observed that many more men than ever before frequented the capitol, and lobbying was pushed with shameful effrontery. Benjamin quietly changed a million dollars of government bonds into gold before the law converting hard money into bullion took effect. This was privately stowed away in his Massachusetts cellar. Strange figurings were going on in high places, but what did the people care? They had enough and to spare, so that the great army of tramps, even though quadrupled in its proportions, was allowed to proceed on its foraging march all undisturbed.

Obed wondered that any should run in debt, and yet the "Fiat Mills" were insufficient to supply the "growing wants" of the people, and un-

limited credit was asked and given, until one morning the telegraph announced the failure of J. Scroggs & Co., managers of the "Niagara Hose Enterprise," which had just laid its pipes as far as the Mississippi, for \$20,000,000,000. There was wild dismay in all the land. Not a business interest but was affected. Firm after firm succumbed with the rapidity of lightning. "His excellency" left the executive mansion at noon for New England, with a package of gold spoons and plate marked "N. O." Samuel was suddenly called to Cincinnati to look after "private interests;" Dennis took an early train for the "Golden Gate," and the political parson to a western conference for a first-class city appointment, salary not less than \$2,500, parsonage furnished. Jones was ruined; the good Deacon's voice blended pitiously in the universal wail of despair as the words "No Redemption," "Repudiation," in lurid letters, extending from zenith to horizon, lighted up the evening sky, and Obed—"I do wish you'd keep still so I can sleep," rang out the voice of Mrs. Obed. The sleeper awoke to the consciousness that it was but a dream. Obed was glad, for, vision though it was, he was convinced that there is no really safe way to national prosperity, as there is not to individual, only by industry and economy.

Obed, O'Leary to the contrary notwithstanding, now fully endorses the doctrine,

"'Tis better to endure the ills we have,
Than fly to others we know not of."



THE STATIONERY ACCOUNT.

His friend Henry was elected to the legislature, a thing gratifying to Obed, and particularly so to his aspiring friend who acknowledged himself under many obligations for campaign assistance. His letters during the first session which he attended were full of glowing descriptions of Capital life, and breathed hopefully of political preferment, as he claimed to be "learning the ropes" rapidly.

Soon after the close of the session Obed paid him a visit, and was most cordially welcomed by friend and family. The little ones must needs show

him the things papa brought them from the *'later*, and the older ones, together with Mrs. H., were not slow in exhibiting the presents the honorable head of the family had brought them from the seat of government.

The hours flew by all too rapidly, as Henry recounted his legislative experiences, detailing the pleasant acquaintances he had made, the receptions he had attended, and, above all the bright anticipations he had in store for the future; for his speeches had been most favorably received by his compeers and the people. Before the time for leaving arrived a promise had been extorted from Obed that he would visit his friend at the capital the next winter.

Agreeably to the arrangement the winter of 187— found Obed threading legislative halls, arm in arm with his friend. After the galleries, the rotunda, the committee rooms, the Governor's apartment and all other places of general interest had been visited, Henry said:

“Obed, I must show *you* the *crypt*.”

“The crypt,” said Obed; “What is that?”

“O, you'll see; it's an apartment we don't show everybody. Of course we know our *men*.”

“*Of course* you do,” said Obed.

Down a flight of stairs tripped the friends, and the lawmaker quietly opened the door of a spacious apartment which had all the appearances of a general store room.

"And is this the crypt?" queried Obed.

"Nothing else," said his friend.

"O, I supposed I was coming into the abode of some mummified legislator to whose shrine you are accustomed to retire, Mohamedan like, to reassure fainting political faith."

"Not exactly so; but then it is the *dead* room, and when entered has a comforting effect," said Henry with a smile.

"Yes, yes, so I begin to perceive, said Obed: it looks like a branch of the —— Paper Company."

"Well, yes, this is the Stationery Department of the "Mill" up stairs. You remember the package of fine "Congress" I gave you last spring? Well that was a sample of *our* work."

"Yes, but you didn't *sample* me with one of these knives," said Obed, as he laid his hand on a package of pocket cutlery marked \$36 per dozen.

"No," laughed Henry, "I had to remember all my friends, and Jones being better on a *shingle* than you, received the knife. There's a fitness in all things, you know."

"Yes, and so it was fitting that Mrs. M. should receive that beautiful croquette set, as being better at electioneering than her husband."

"Exactly."

"But tell me, Henry, what did these cost, and who are to get the balance of them, for I see you have still enough left to stock at least two *grounds* in every county in the State."

"O, they only cost \$1 a set by the hundred, and next summer will be campaign season again; there'll be no trouble in *disposing* of them."

"But what about so many gold pens, paper holders and erasers? You've enough to stock a wholesale establishment."

"My dear fellow, didn't I tell you this is our Stationery Department? Each member is supposed to require at least five or six in a term; they wear out rapidly, get lost, or we forget and leave them at home."

"Yes, your minds are so occupied, it is not to be wondered at that you lay them on your parlor tables and *forget* to take them again; but then there's this satisfaction, they are not lost in growing families. But these metallic boot-jacks, do they come under the head of stationery?"

“If a boot-jack isn’t stationary I’d like to know what is.”

“Fact; I hadn’t thought of it before in that *light*,” said Obed; “But how about these patent tops? They are certainly very *morable*.”

“One of them kept my Jimmy quiet for full two hours. This is essentially the experience of many members with whom I have talked, and we are fully agreed that anything calculated to serve our purposes, or to soothe our minds, comes legitimately within the definition of stationery, and we provide it.”

“Ah, yes, and that accounts for these champagne bottles. Well, well, I don’t so much wonder at the way Stationery Accounts foot up. I suppose they’ve an enormous *crypt* at Washington, and that there are smaller ones for counties and municipalities, in which are stowed a thousand little conveniences, put there at the public expense. But tell me how do you Republicans and Democrats get along without exposing one another over these matters?”

“Pshaw, man, that’s the easiest thing in the world. No matter how much we disagree on the currency question, or struggle over the “bloody

shirt," we are all agreed in this, that 'He that provideth not for his own household has denied the faith,' hence we are all orthodox. All these little matters we consider as perquisites and share them with the attachees about the Capitol, and they learn to keep qui——"

"I do wish you'd get up to breakfast," said a familiar voice, and Obed, who had attended a political meeting the evening before, awoke to the consciousness that this interview with his friend Henry was all a dream, and he was glad; glad because he knows something of the self-sacrificing spirit of American politicians, and of the rigid economy of their views; glad because they are willing to spend session after session of our legislative bodies in electioneering schemes, and the vacation season on investigating committees, traveling from one end of the country to the other in a most self-denying way; glad that lobbying is totally ignored; glad that all men in high places are so tenacious for the purity of the ballot box; glad that no American official has ever been guilty of even the appearance of peculation; glad that, as a nation, we have no need to apply to ourselves the doctrine, "When the wicked bear rule, the people mourn." Of these things and many more going to

show that the pure purposes of the fathers still have a dwelling place in the hearts of the sons, Obed is glad.

OBED VISITS A “HOME.”

“An hour till train time,” said Obed to himself, in one of our beautiful lake cities, “and I cannot better improve it than by calling at the ‘Home for the Friendless.’” No sooner thought than executed, for he laid his hand vigorously upon the bell knob, and was soon comfortably seated in the plain, substantial reception room. Directly the Matron appeared. “Obed,” said our visitor, and the lady greeted him cordially.

It took not long to learn of the origin of this noble institution, nor of the kindly, benevolent spirit that has ever fostered it. More than seven

hundred "little neglected ones" have come within its walls and found "Home, food, clothing and schooling," and, with scarce an exception, have gone out to lives of respectability and usefulness. "Treasurer in heaven for many a donor," said Obed, and he perceived how "Charity covereth a multitude of sins."

He was shown through the building. Everywhere there were neatness and order, everywhere a learning to work on the part of those who were old enough to be employed in labor.

The tour of inspection made, there came upon the lawn beneath the window a troupe of children with bright eyes and happy faces. Most of them were *motherless*; some fatherless also. "No matter if many of them had been forsaken, the Lord has taken them up, and a christian public has assumed their parentage," mused Obed, as he hid his hands amid the curls of 'a little creature who came confidently near. As he marked the confidence they reposed in the Matron, more than ever Obed realized what that Scripture meaneth, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." From homes of poverty, drunkenness and abuse these, in many instances, had come, but there was the childlike spirit still, which shall

ful hands and willing hearts shall train for the
“Life that now is, and for that which is to come.”

As Obed walked away there was in his heart a mingled feeling of sorrow and gladness. Sorrow, that there is so much of misery in the world ; gladness, because there are so many who can truly say, as they toil amid objects of charity,

“Ours is the grateful service whence
Comes day by day the recompense ;
Better the toils of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

“Who calls this glorious service hard ?
Who deems it not its own reward ?
Who, for its trials, calls it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness ?”

OBED'S THANKSGIVING.

The year 1876 came—the year of all others of most interest in Yankee Land, because it brought with it the Hundreth birthday of our dear old Uncle Sam, Obed's Uncle Sam, the hale old Uncle of more than forty million children. Now Uncle Sam has always cherished his birthdays, (particularly the last one) and ushered them in with a great deal of noise and hurrah, regaling himself in abundant laudatory speeches, toasts and toddies. Though the old gentleman has sometimes been accused of being a little vain, he has never quite forgotten the humility of his *cradle*, the trials of his boyhood days, nor the bountiful Giver of his broad acres and rich stores of intellectual and social enjoyment. Uncle Sam has never forgotten these, but through all his years, has annually appointed that his children shall gather themselves together in their respective places of worship and in their many homes, and then and there pray and sing psalms, and eat tur-

exclaimed, "Industry is the *lamp*, and intelligence the *sesame* which converts the fairy castles of Arabian tales into Yankee realities, over which the American eagle flaps her wings with more of satisfaction than was ever enjoyed by the mythic bird which gave Sinbad his aerial ride." And as he took the arm of his friend, and his eye rested upon the "U. S." everywhere conspicuous, Obed rejoiced that his is a Columbian home. Yankee Doodle welled up to overflowing in the heart of Obed.

Cottons.

His vision fully ended and his mind restored to its wonted equilibrium, Obed was ready to inspect the wares and wonders of the nations spread out in profusion around him. Having an eye for *calico* he at once took up the display of cottons, admiring the "raw material," of which he had never seen any before; the nankeens of China and the flannels of Canton; the handiworks of the looms of Hindostan and Africa and the mills of Brazil. But most was Obed delighted with the *shirtings* and prints of New England, for by them could he best measure progress in this department. Obed gloried

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in the Merrimacs, Cochecoos, the Middlesexes, and the score more brands put up in rich display to show what the streams of the hilly North can do for the products of the sunny South. Obed claimed them as American all. He rejoiced that they made him the possessor of a fine *Lonsdale* shirt, a thing his father never owned; that they had enabled Mrs. Obed and her friend to go to the Centennial, each in a twenty-yard-five-cent "Oriental Fancy." As Obed remembered that his mother, one of the belles of New Connecticut, used to rejoice in a six-yard-seventy five cent "French Calico," a feeling of gratitude came over him, that he lives in an age when the costs of prints will allow even the adorning of the human form divine; an age when "cut-and-try" and "scrimp" form no part of the dress-maker's vocabulary—an age in which "a dollar or two" will bring so much of sunshine to the domestic sky. Obed was grateful, and as he looked around he regretted only that the great pyramids of "Coats' Best Six Cord" and "Clark's 'O. N. T.'" had to be brought across the deep; but Obed contented himself with saying, "Cotton *was* king; cotton is king no longer, and ere the next Centennial year, American genius will provide American thread—American genius will."

Though the thermometer stood at 95° Obed realized that summer does not last always, and he passed from the realm of cotton, to the domain of

Wools.

Wools native, wools manufactured; wools Merino, Southdown, Saxon and Cotswold; wools American, Australian, African, Spanish, and Thibetan; wools from every land where there are bleating flocks; wools fine and coarse, long and short; wools wrought into every conceivable fabric, by needle, spindle, knitter and loom; wools in yarns, cloths, carpets, and blankets. Gazing on the tweeds, cassimeres, and broad-cloths; on the merinos, cassimeres, and serges, Obed could but think of the days of the *home spuns*—days when our mothers made the kerseys, the sheeps greys and the full-cloths; made linsey-woolseys, the home dyed plaids, and the “*Nigerargway*” flannels, which the boys and girls were glad to get, even as second-hand-cut-downs. Obed at least was glad. As he looked upon the delicate flannels and felt their downy smoothness, remembrances of the *soft* woolens his mother used to bring out when the “cold November rains” came on, and placed upon his tender back, rose up

in the mind of Obed. Again he passed, in imagination through a week of itchings, scratchings, burnings, naughty thoughts, and bitter execrations on the man who first invented woolen underclothes. To Obed those were the days of the *bloody shirt*, but he will shake it no longer, for he remembers that mother of other days with tenderest affection. He knows she did the best possible for those God had given her, for she was of that great army of pioneer mothers, now asleep or *waiting* in the sunset of life. We count them as women whose price is above rubies. They sought wool and flax and worked willingly with their hands. They rose whilst it was yet night and gave meat to their households. They laid their hands to the spindles; their hands held the distaffs. They opened their mouths with motherly wisdom, and their children arise and call them blessed. Even forty millions of their sons and daughters call those mothers blessed. Obed blesses his above all other women.

Finally Obed stood in presence of the California display, and as he perceived the velvety softness of her blankets, he felt inclined to clasp his hands and exclaim, "Now I lay me down to sleep," but it was noon day, and he passed on saying, "I have seen an end of all perfections in woolens. Solomon

in all his glory was not arrayed in goods like these, and as for the Mrs. Solomons, they knew nothing of rag carpets, three-plies, or Brussels, such as adorn this Jubilee of Columbia for the nations." And Obed saw herein only signs of progress; he saw only these.

Silks.

Obed saw silks as he pursued his onward way. Silks in the green mulberry leaf; silks in the mouth of the worm; silks in the cocoon; silks in the *raw* thread; silks on pyramids of spools; silks in tiny scarfs; silks in gorgeous robes for priestly wear; silks in the *hands* of its native spinner; silks of every hue on the backs of gaily dressed ladies—all these he saw. It was simply the warp of one worm become the wool of another. And Obed admired the butterflies—butterflies from the hand of nature; butterflies from the hand of fashion. Obed admired them all.

Linens.

There were delicate white linens, and linens of darker hues and coarser thread to claim the attention of Obed. Linens that once waved a bright

green, or danced in fields of delicate blue in many a land. As he gazed on these, he thought what "flax pullings" they must have in the "father land" among our Teuton relatives, and in "Swate Ireland" among our cousins of the "real auld stock." But Obed's reflections on flax were not confined to "lands beyond the sea." Again he went back to the old Buckeye farm where he first learned the duties of American citizenship. Again he went to the field with father and mother, brothers and sisters, and bowed his back over the flaxen *bowls* of his prescribed "*through*," until on straightening up he found there was a bone in it sure. Once more he brought the swingle down on *devoted heads* and then spread the beaten stalks upon the even sward only to hear it said every few days, "Obed, my boy, go and turn that flax." And he turned and *re*-turned it, until he exclaimed, in his vexation, "*Rot* the flax," and the flax rotted. Then Obed bound that *rotted* flax, and laid it away, only to bear it in early spring time to the top of the "old log house" and lay it across the stick chimney to dry. This was Obed's part of the work, whilst his father put it vigorously through the "jaws" of the old "brake" as it was dropped, dried, to him by his "youngest son," and the older ones, "knives

in hand, did valorous work at the “skutching board,” beating out the “shives.” Those were halcyon days to Obed, and from his lofty site he “viewed the landscape o’er.” Sometimes, in his fits of mental abstraction, he allowed his drying charge to “go up” *in smoke*. Then, as he was a boy, he received a boy’s reward. Many a boy has suffered for the want of such reward; Obed has not.

There were other links between the growing fibre and the *copperas* pants and tow shirts of other days in Yankee Land, that rose up in the mind of Obed, despite all the grandeur around him. He descended from his perch on the roof only to find that mother of other days, her head bound round with a bright “bandanna,” all covered with dust and lint, busily drawing the loosened bark through the “hatchel” to separate the “flax” from the “tow.” Then there were the “big wheel,” the “little wheel,” with its tiny gourd water box, the “reel” with its hickory *snapper* to count the “knots;” the “swifts” and the “loom,” upon all of which the “maidens” of the household could play tunes that brought clothing and comfort. Upon all these Obed looked again through the lapse of years, and was just about to ejaculate, “Let the man who can

deprecate these appliances of the olden time, ‘stretch hemp,’” when exclamations of delight from Mrs. Obed and her friend, drew his attention, and he hastened to the show case before which they stood gazing on the prettiest, tiniest baby dress imaginable; so delicate in its material, its style, its make up, its *price*—only \$600. Had there been no cheaper baby clothes than that, in years gone by, the young Obeds would have worn “aprons of fig leaves” to this day. The young Obeds would.

Robes.

Baby dresses of extravagant prices were not the only articles of wearing apparel, and items of personal conveniences on which the Obeds feasted their eyes as they stood before those glittering cases. As before stated, there were rich robes interwoven with threads of gold and silver for priestly wear; and there were dresses of delicate laces and rich satin, with and without trails, for ladies whose husbands have never yet *touched bottom* financially; there were shawls from Cashmere: scarfs of crimson from Damascus, and handkerchiefs almost ethereal from France, and all to be had—had merely for the asking and a few hundred, or at most, but a few

key and pumpkin pies, in thanksgiving for the bounties that crown the year.

Uncle Sam failed not, after the rich enjoyment of his centenary birthday, to appoint a Thanksgiving, that should befittingly mark his "new departure." And it came, not like the first one, to a few hundred thousand homes where "anxious hopes, and doubts, and fears," were the principal things the inmates had to be thankful for, but to many millions of them, where "Peace and plenty crowned the board."

Among others, it came to Obed's home with peaceful plenty, and plentiful peace. For the twenty-fourth time Thanksgiving came to the household of Obed and found him thankful—thankful for the bounties of Providence so freely showered upon his friends and country, as well as upon himself. As he sat with the few friends he had gathered around him, Obed was not only thankful, but his mind was filled with busy memories. He thought of that first Thanksgiving when he and his, numbering only two, sought his old home to eat mother's Thanksgiving dinner. And Obed ate with a relish such as a man never has for any cookery but mother's. No Turkey, no bread and butter, no coffee, no apple pie, *no nothing* like the viands we get from a moth-

er's hands in boyhood. Because Abram could get them no longer, he was the more willing to go to "A land flowing with milk and honey." With a mind filled with the tenderest memories of a good old mother's larder, Jessee posted the youthful David off to camp with home delicacies for those older brothers who were with Saul, down by the brook Elah. So, too, during our "late unpleasantness," was the heart of many a *boy in blue*, touched with yearning memories of "home" and "mother," as he regaled himself, after long dieting on "hog and hardtack," over the well-filled box that "she who loved him best," had carefully forwarded.

There were present at that Thanksgiving, father and mother and sisters two. Obed saw them in memory as they were on that day. Thanksgiving came again. There had been subtraction in the home of Obed, and *one* from *two* left three, and again the old homestead was sought. As it has been times without number, so was it on that occasion; that little *subtrahend*, in the eyes of grandfather and grandmother, was "Just the nicest baby boy that ever was." Thus the mind of Obed ran over the years. The time came when three from two left five; the cradle gave place for the school room; he passed through scenes of watching and

anxiety; again he witnessed scenes of childish anger and fisti-cuffing of the kind in which he had often “taken a hand” in the long ago; wisps of domestic cloud followed by broad bands of sunshine,



An Example of Domestic Subtraction.

chased each other across his mental vision; Thanksgiving followed Thanksgiving and the five were al-

ways together, and—"Dinner is ready," said Mrs. Obed. Then Obed and his guests repaired to the table. There upon the right and upon the left of him, each in its place, was a plate turned down "with tender womanly care." A glance at Mrs. Obed revealed instead of the raven tresses he had once admired, a mixture of glorious grey; there were wrinkles stealing over the cheeks where erst all was freshness; a glimpse of his own countenance in an adjacent mirror showed unmistakable signs of "evening time," and as Obed looked at

"The little faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture."

sitting opposite, and thought of the ones whose places were vacant beside him he experienced a sensation unknown before.

"Only three of us to-day," mused Obed. "Though children still, they are children no longer," and he thought that a few weeks before, as the train rolled up, he had taken by the hand a manly form, just going forth in the world to try life for himself. There was a quiver on the lip of the son, such as had never been there before; a tremor in the heart of the father; a tear, may be, in the eyes of each; a "good bye;" a "God bless you"—"All aboard,"—and

“What shall the harvest be?” Shall it be “garnered sheaves?” God only knows.

As he thought of the loved ones absent, and wondered whether strangers would provide them a Thanksgiving dinner, and if they would think of home, Obed became so oblivious to what was about him that he began to carve the turnip instead of the turkey, and set his teacup on the table cloth, until Mrs. Obed said, as she only can say, “Obed,” and his reverie was gone. His reverie was ended.

That night, as he laid his head upon his pillow, Obed could realize better than ever before what parental solicitude and responsibility are, and remembering that his sensations for the day were only a continuation of those begun in the heart of Adam, and vibrating ceaselessly in the hearts of every generation since, he fell asleep, repeating

“Precious promise God has given
To the weary passer-by,
On the way from earth to heaven,—
‘I will guide thee with mine eye.’”

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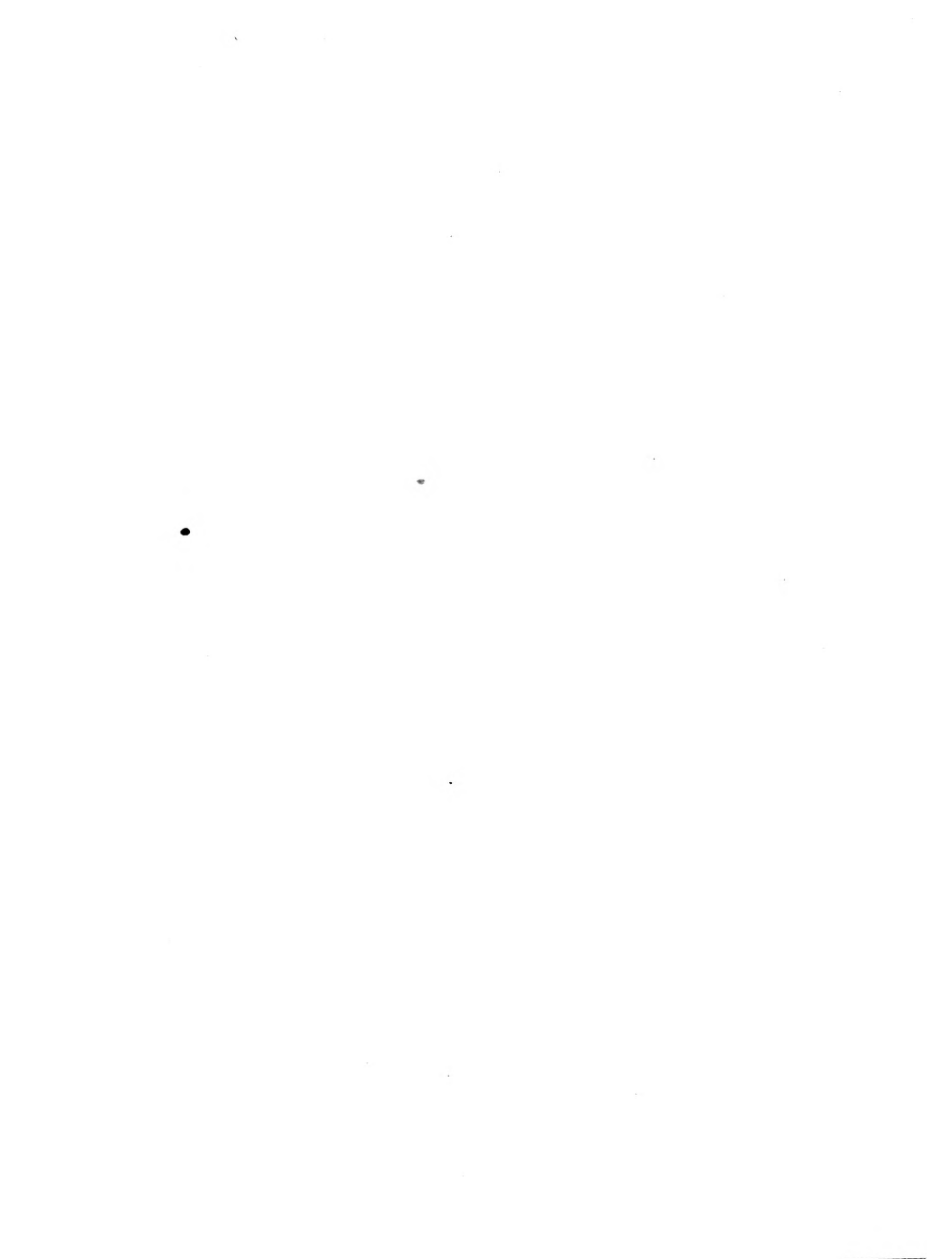
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